TVVO BOOKES OF *AYRES.*

THE FIRST
Containing Diuine and Morall Songs:

THE SECOND,
Light Conceits of Louers.

To be sung to the *Lute* and *Viols*, in two, three, and foure Parts: or by one *Voyce* to an INSTRVMENT.

Composed
By
Thomas Campian.

LONDON:
Printed by *Tho. Snodham*, for
Mathew Lownes, and *I. Browne*
Cum Priuilegio.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, BOTH in Birth and Vertue, FRANCIS, Earle of CVMBERLAND.

WHat Patron could I chuſe, great *Lord*, but you?
Graue words your years may challenge as their owne,
And eu'ry note of Muſicke is your due,
VVhoſe Houſe the *Muſes* pallace I haue knowne.

To loue and cheriſh them, though it deſcends
VVith many honours more on you, in vaine
Preceding fame herein with you contends,
VVho haue both fed the *Muſes*, and their trayne.

Theſe Leaues I offer you, Deuotion might
Her ſelfe lay open, reade them, or elſe heare
How grauely with their tunes they yeeld delight
To any vertuous, and not curious eare.
Such as they are accept them Noble *Lord*;
If better, better could my zeale afford.

Your Honors,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

TO THE READER.

OVT of many Songs which partly at the request of friends, partly for my owne recreation were by mee long since composed, I haue now enfranchised a few, sending them forth diuided according to their different subiect into seuerall Bookes. The first are graue and pious; the second amorous and light. For hee that in publishing any worke, hath a desire to content all palates, must cater for them accordingly.

——————Non omnibus vnum est
Quod placet, hic Spinas colligit, ille Rosas.

These Ayres were for the most part framed at first for one voyce with the Lute, or Violl, but vpon occasion, they haue since beene filled with more parts, which who so please may vse, who like not may leaue. Yet doe wee daily obserue, that when any shall sing a Treble to an Instrument, the standers by will be offring at an inward part out of their owne nature; and true or false, out it must, though to the peruerting of the whole harmonie. Also, if wee consider well, the Treble tunes, which are with vs commonly called Ayres, are but Tenors mounted eight Notes higher, and therefore an inward part must needes well become them, such as may take vp the whole distance of the Diapason, *and fill vp the gaping betweene the two extreame parts; whereby though they are not three parts in perfection, yet they yeeld a sweetnesse and content both to the eare and minde, which is the ayme and perfection of Musicke. Short Ayres if they be skilfully framed, and naturally exprest, are like quicke and good Epigrammes in Poesie, many of them shewing as much artifice, and breeding as great difficultie as a larger Poeme.* Non omnia possumus omnes, *said the* Romane *Epick Poet. But some there are who admit onely* French *or* Italian *Ayres, as if euery Country had not his proper Ayre, which the people thereof naturally vsurpe in their Musicke. Others taste nothing that comes forth in Print, as if* Catullus *or* Martials *Epigrammes were the worse for being published. In these* English *Ayres I haue chiefely aymed to couple my Words and Notes louingly together, which will be much for him to doe that hath not power ouer both. The light of this will best appeare to him who hath pays'd our Monasyllables and Syllables combined, both which are so loaded with Consonants as that they will hardly keepe company with swift Notes, or giue the Vowell conuenient liberty. To conclude; mine owne opinion of these Songs I deliuer thus:*

Omnia nec nostris bona sunt, sed nec mala libris;
Si placet hac cantes, hac quoq; lege legas.

Farewell.

A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS
contayned in theſe BOOKES.

In the firſt Booke.

Songs of 4. Parts.

AVthor of light. I
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Brauely deckt come forth bright day. VI
To Muſicke bent is my retyred minde. VII
Tune thy Muſicke to thy hart. VIII
Moſt ſweet and pleaſing. IX
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In the ſecond Booke.

Songs of 3. Parts.

VAine men whoſe follies. I
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Harden now thy tyred hart. III
O what vnhopt for ſweet ſupply, IIII
Where ſhe her ſacred bowre adornes. V
Faine would I my loue diſcloſe. VI
Giue beauty all her right. VII
O deare that I with thee. VIII
Good men ſhew if you can tell. IX
What harueſt halfe ſo ſweet is? X
Sweet exclude me not. XI
The peacefull Weſterne winde. XII
There is none, ô none but you. XIII
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So many loues haue I neglected. XV
Though your ſtrangeneſſe. XVI
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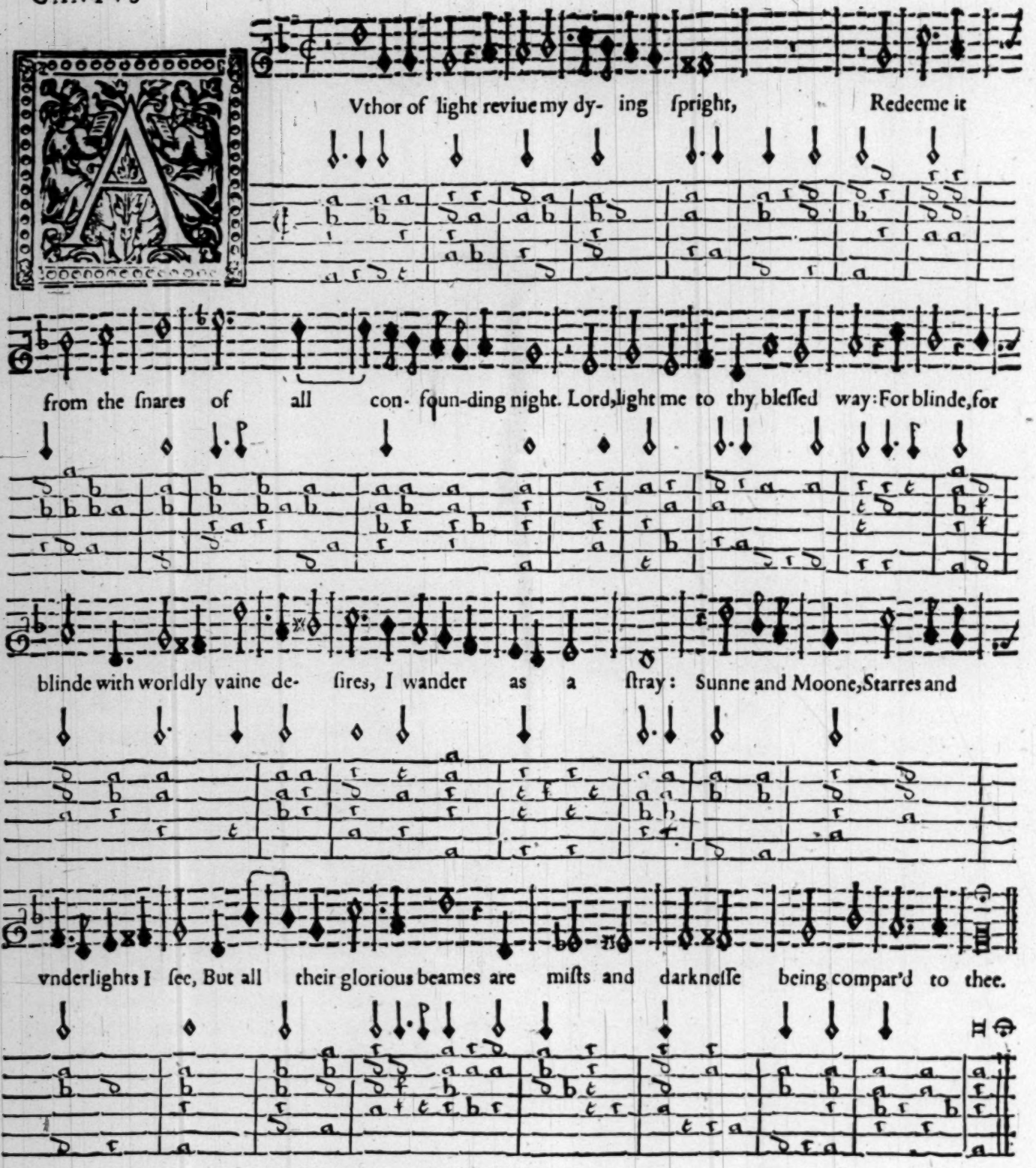
Come you pretty falſe-ey'd. XVIII
A ſecret loue or two. XIX
Her roſie cheekes. XX

Of 2. Parts.

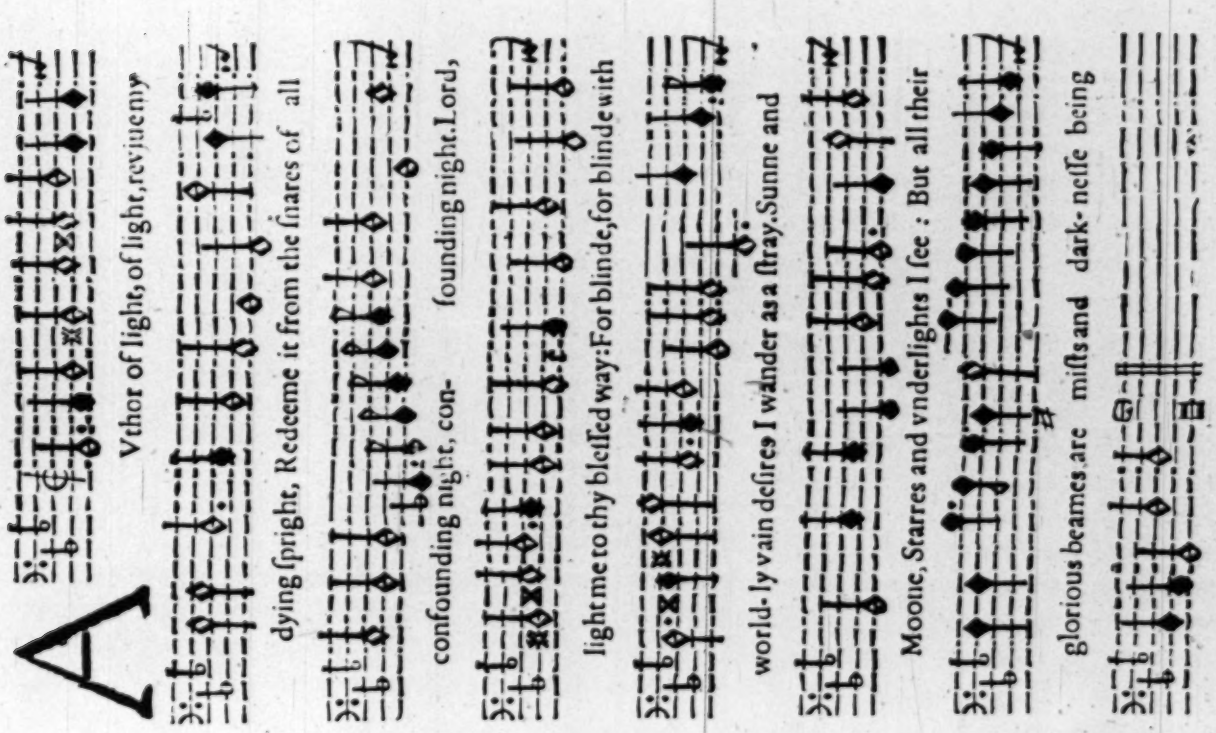
Where ſhall I refuge ſeeke? XXI



1 Author of light reviue my dying ſpright,
Redeeme it from the ſnares of all-confounding night.
Lord, light me to thy bleſſed way:
For blinde with worldly vaine deſires I wander as a ſtray.
Sunne and Moone, Starres and vnderlights I ſee,
But all their glorious beames are miſts and darknes being compar'd to thee.

2 Fountaine of health my ſoules deepe wounds recure,
Sweet ſhowres of pitty raine, waſh my vncleanneſſe pure.
One drop of thy deſired grace
The faint and fading hart can raiſe, and in ioyes boſome place.
Sinne and Death, Hell and tempting Fiends may rage;
But God his owne will guard, and their ſharp paines and griefe in time aſſwage.

BASSVS.



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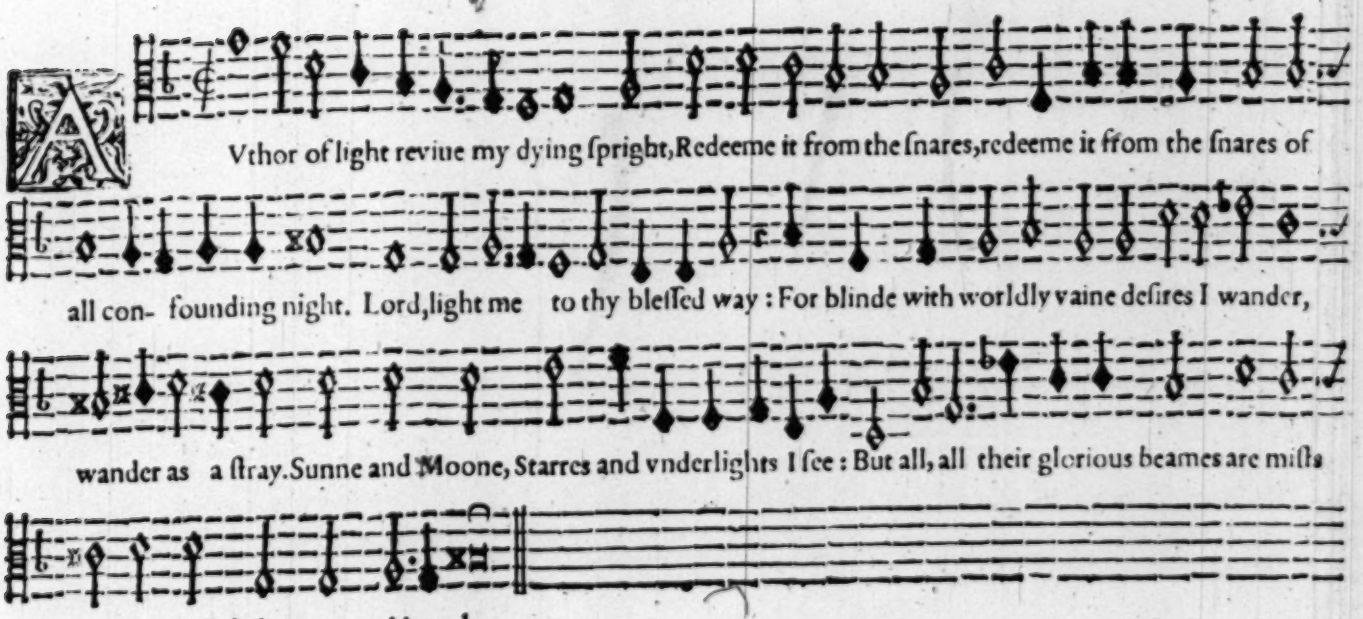

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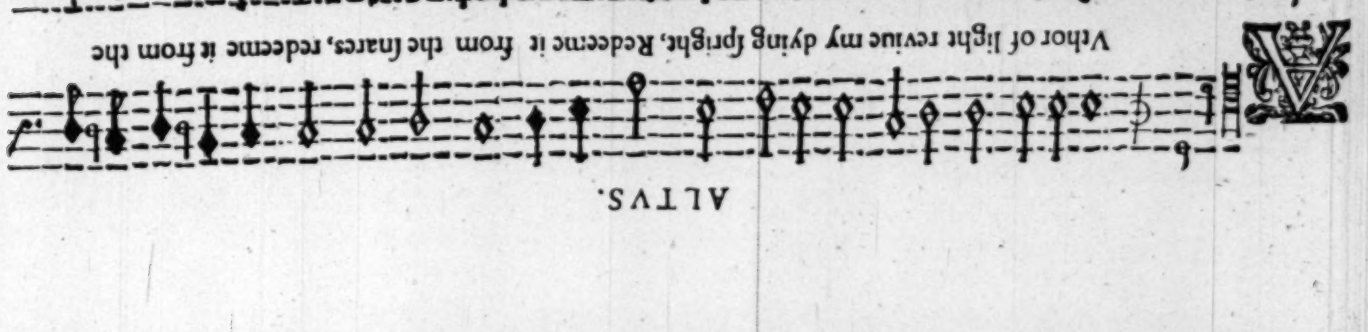
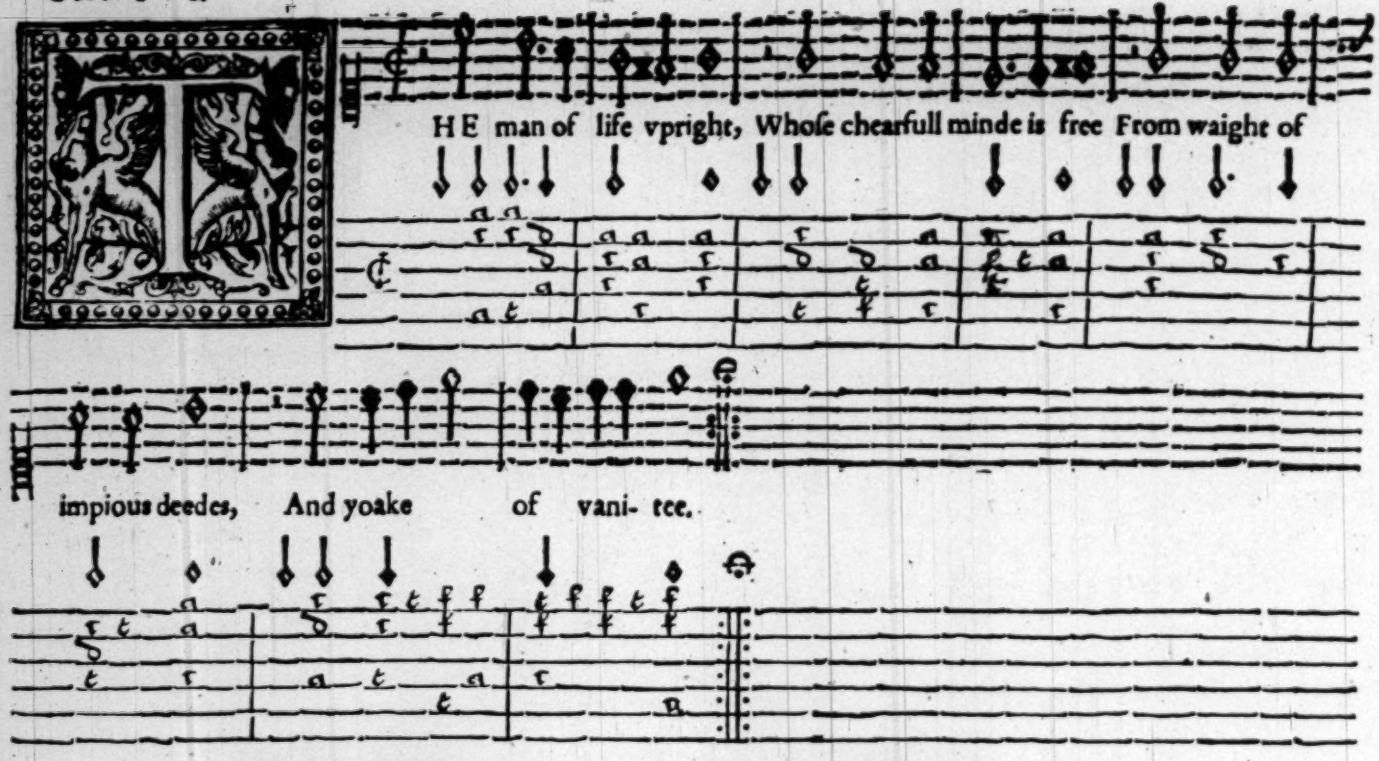


CANTVS. II.



1 The man of life vpright,
Whose chearfull minde is free
From waight of impious deedes,
and yoake of vanitee.

2 The man whose silent dayes
In harmelesse ioyes are spent:
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrowes discontent.

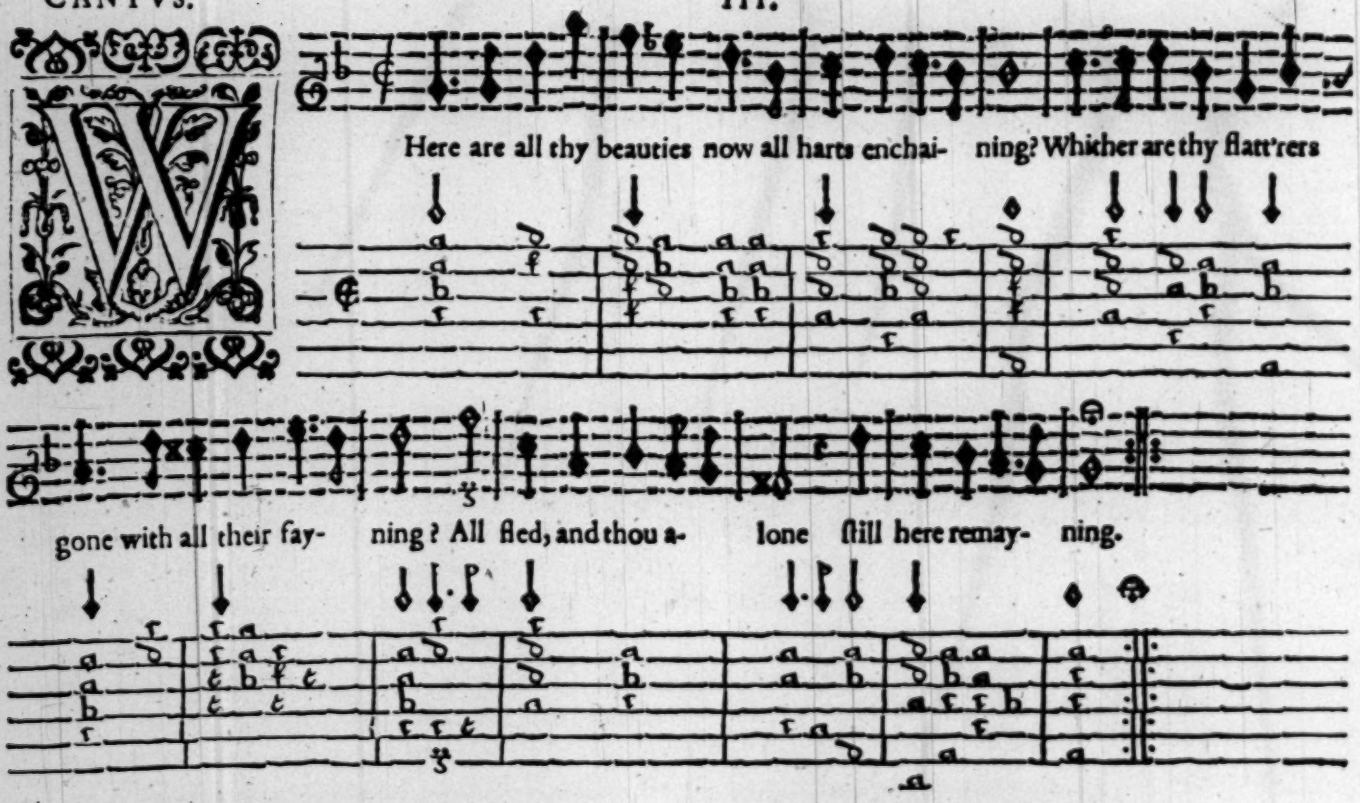
3 That man needes neyther towres,
Nor armour for defence:
Nor vaults his guilt to shrowd
From thunders violence.

4 Hee onely can behold
With vnaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deepe,
And terrors of the Skies.

5 Thus scorning all the cares,
That fate or fortune brings:
His Booke the Heau'ns hee makes
His wisedome heau'nly things.

6 Good thoughts his surest friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober Inne,
And quiet pilgrimage.

CANTVS. III.



1 Where are all thy beauties now all harts enchayning?
Whither are thy flatt'rers gone with all their fayning?
All fled, and thou alone still here remayning.

2 Thy rich state of twisted gold to Bayes is turned;
Cold as thou art are thy loues that so much burned:
Who dye in flatt'rers armes are seldome mourned.

3 Yet in spight of enuie, this be still proclaymed,
That none worthyer then thy selfe thy worth hath blamed:
When their poore names are lost thou shalt liue famed.

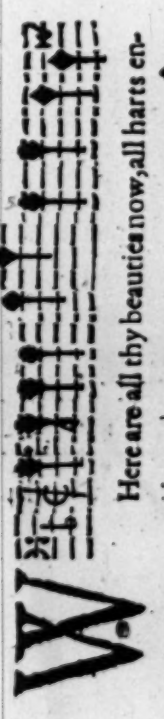
4 When thy story long time hence shall be perused,
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excused,
None euer lin'd more iust, none more abused.

BASSVS.

He man of life vpright, whose chearfull minde is free From waight of impious deedes, and

yoake of vanitee.

BASSVS.



Here are all thy beauties now, all harts enchayning? Whither are thy flattrers gone with all their

fay- ning? All fled and thou alone still here remayning.

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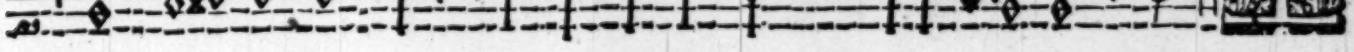
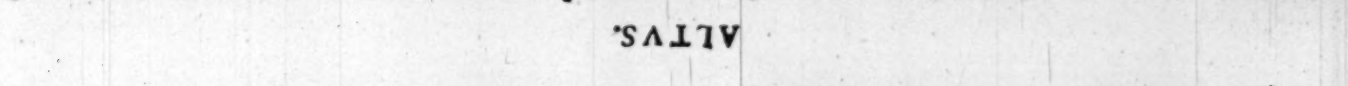


He man of life vpright, whole chearefull minde is free From waight of impious deedes,



and yoake of vanitee, of vanitee.

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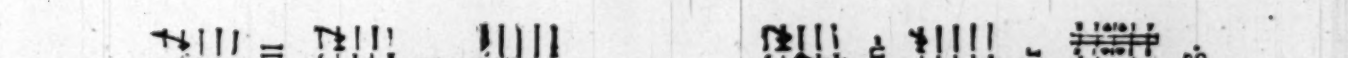


Here are all thy beauties now all harts enchayning? Whither are thy flattrers gone with all their

fayning? All fled and thou alone still here re- may- ning.

TENOR.

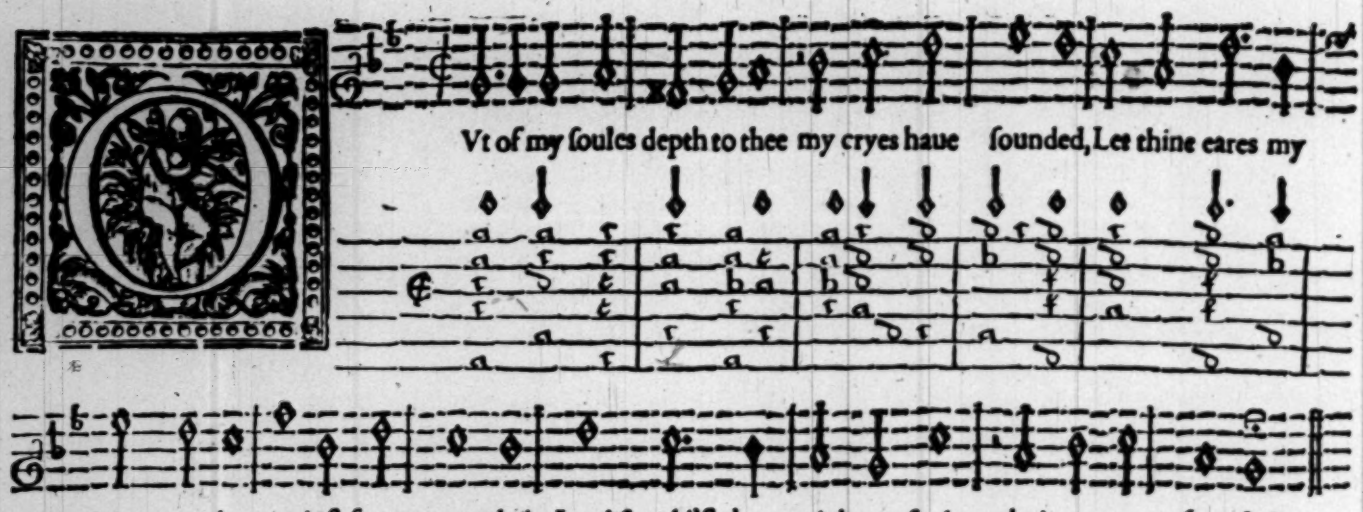
He man of life vpright, whose cheerefull minde is free From waight of impious deedes, and

yoake of vanitee.

TENOR.

Here are all thy beauties now, all harts enchayning? Whither are thy flattrers gone with all their

fay- ning? All fled and thou alone still here remayning.

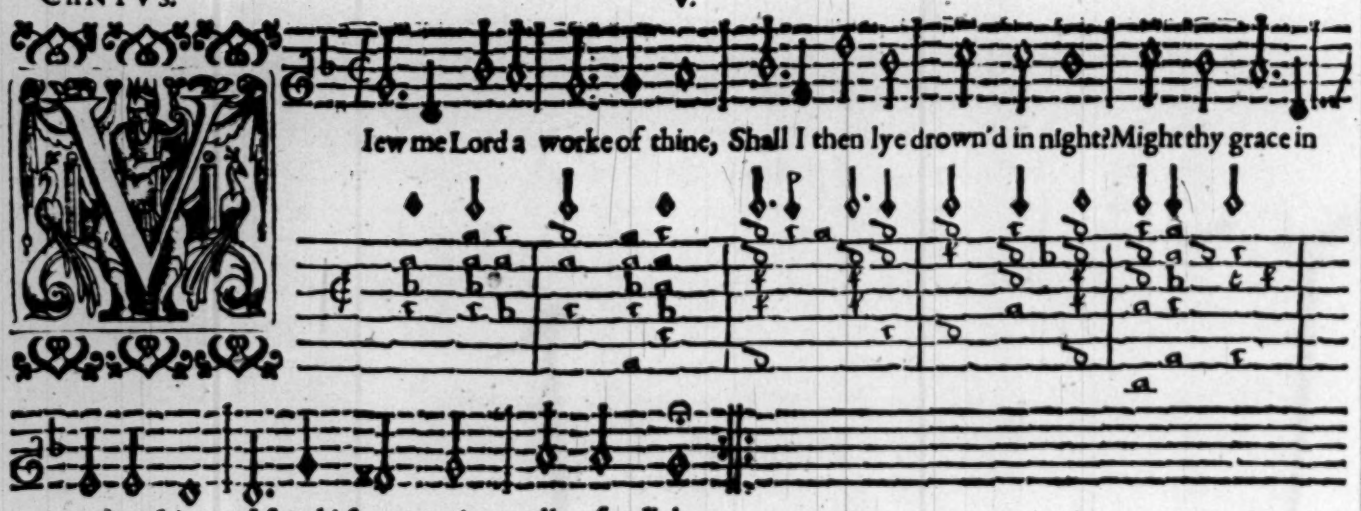


1 Out of my ſoules deapth to thee my cryes haue ſounded,
Let thine eares my plaints receiue on iuſt feare grounded :
Lord ſhould'ſt thou weigh our faults, who's not confounded?

2 But with grace thou cenſur'ſt thine when they haue erred,
Therefore ſhall thy bleſſed name be lou'd and feared,
En'n to thy throne my thoughts and eyes are reared.

3 Ther alone my hopes attend, on thee relying;
In thy ſacred word I'le truſt, to thee faſt flying
Long ere the Watch ſhall breake, the morne deſcrying.

4 In the mercies of our God who liue ſecured,
May of full redemption reſt in him aſſured,
Their ſinne-ſicke ſoules by him ſhall be recured.



1 View mee Lord, a worke of thine;
Shall I then lye drown'd in night?
Might thy grace in mee but ſhine,
I ſhould ſeeme made all of light.

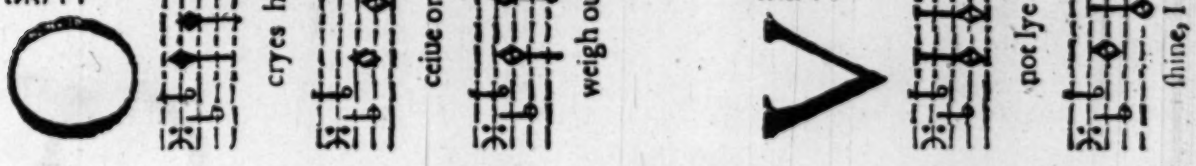
2 But my ſoule ſtill ſurfets ſo
On the poyſoned baytes of ſinne,
That I ſtrange and vgly growe,
All in darke, and foule within.

3 Cleanſe mee Lord that I may kneele
At thine Altar pure and white,
They that once thy Mercies feele,
Gaze no more on earths delight.

4 Worldly ioyes like ſhadowes fade,
When the beau'nly light appeares,
But the cou'nants thou haſt made
Endleſſe, know nor dayes, nor yeares.

5 In thy word Lord is my truſt,
To thy mercies faſt I flye,
Though I am but clay and duſt,
Yet thy grace can lift me high.

BASSVS.



BASSVS.

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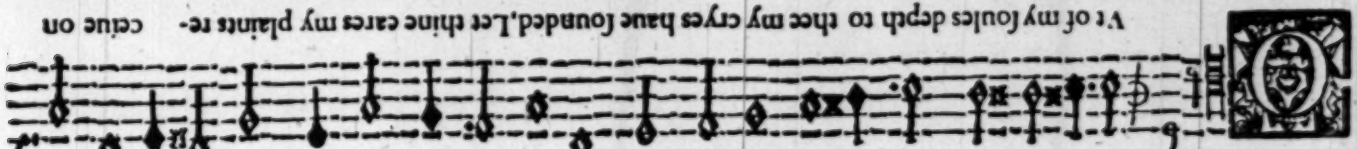

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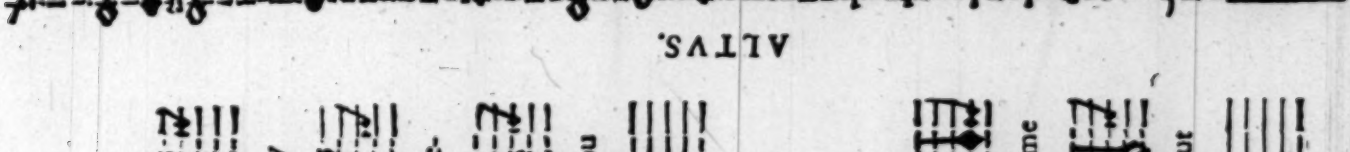

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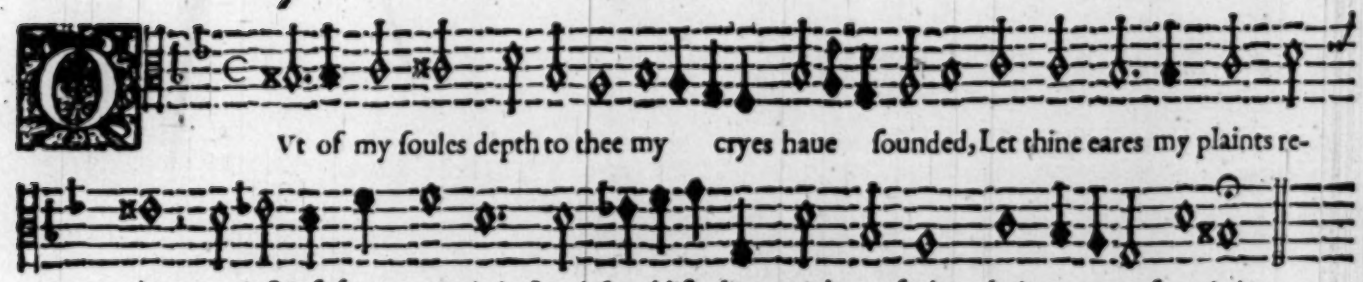

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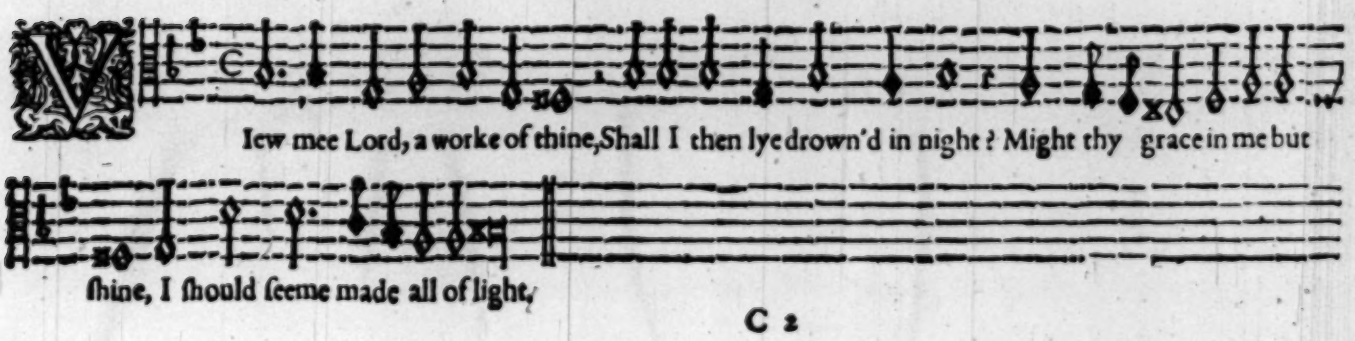
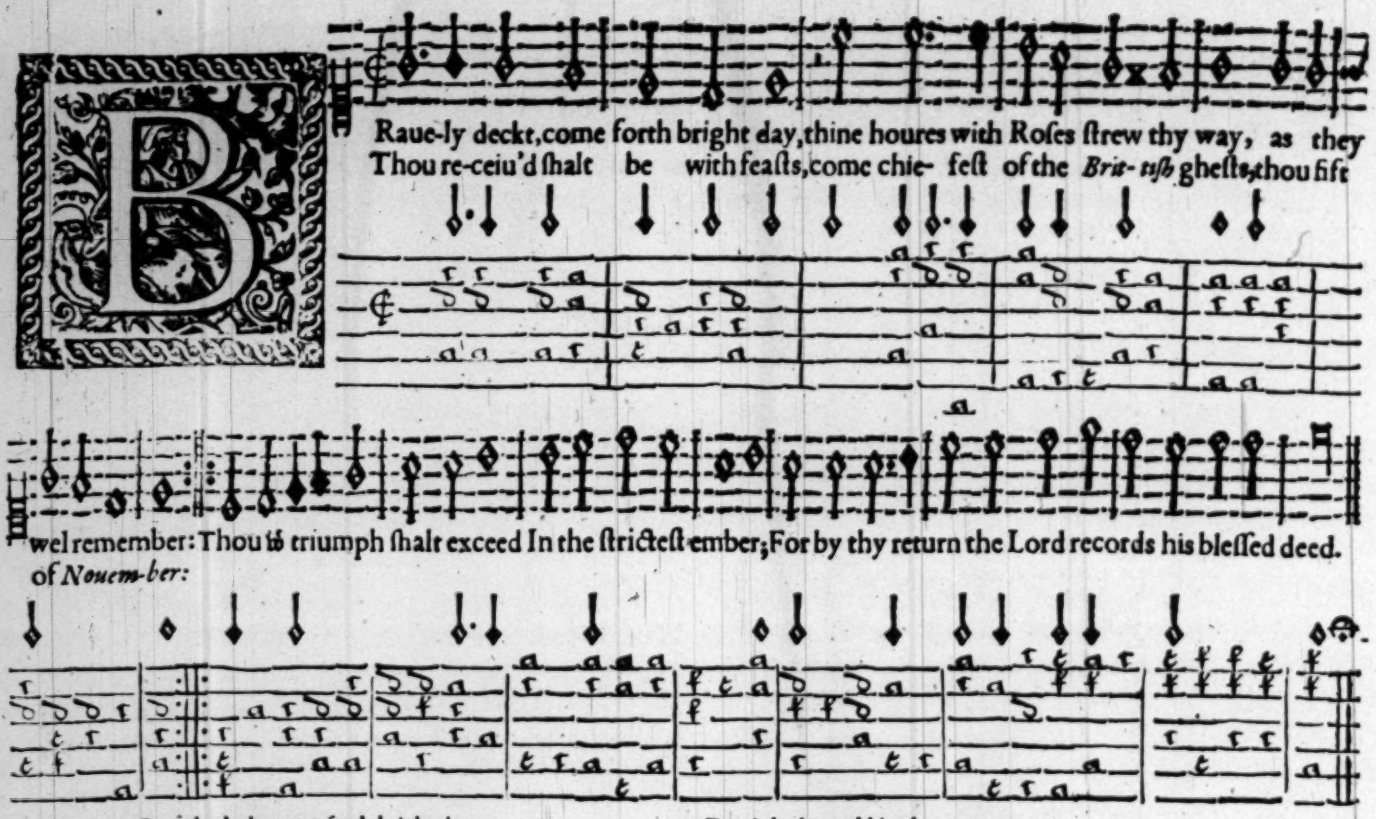


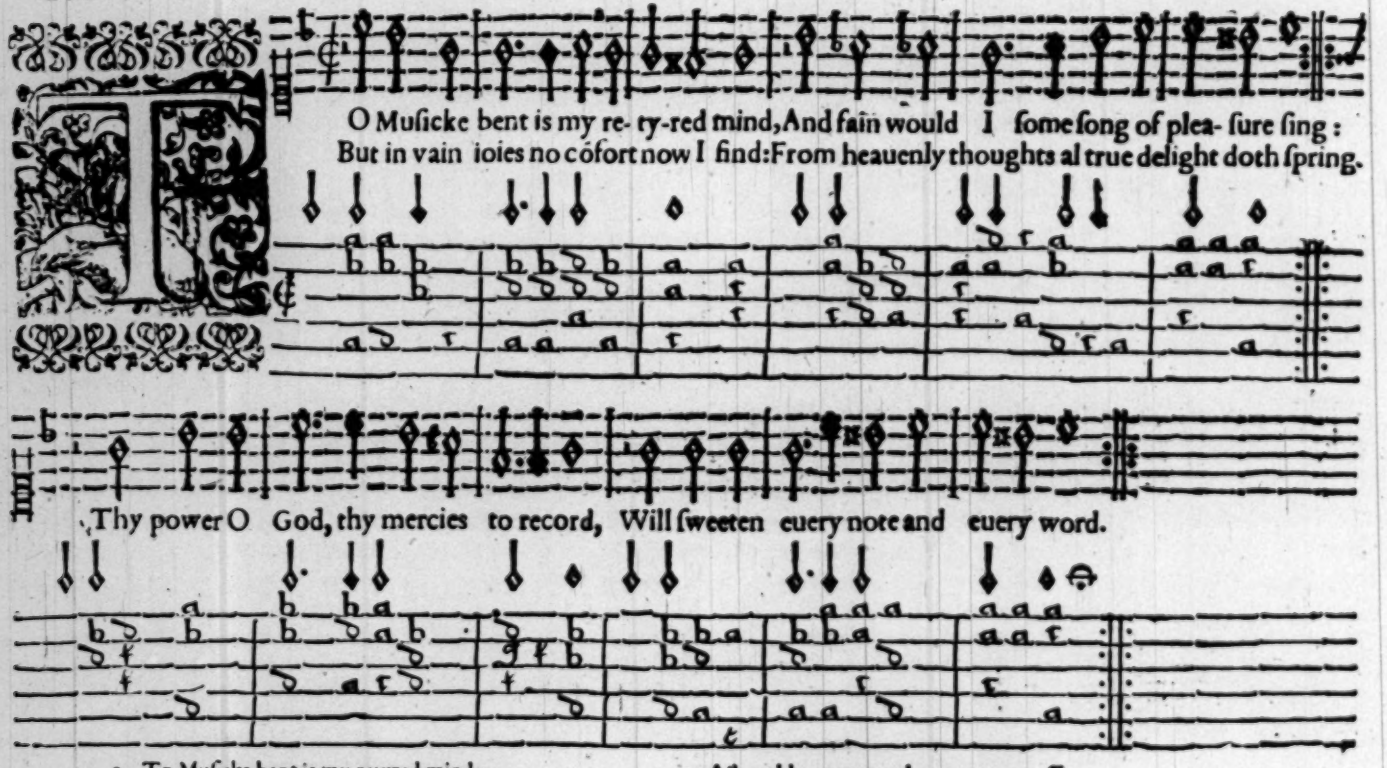


1 Brauely deckt come forth bright day,
Thine houres with Roſes ſtrew thy way,
As they well remember.
Thou receiu'd ſhalt be with feaſts,
Come chiefeſt of the *Britiſh* gheſts,
Thou fift of *November*.
Thou with triumph ſhalt exceede
In the ſtricteſt ember;
For by thy returne the Lord records his bleſſed deede.

2 *Britaines* frolicke at your bourd,
But firſt ſing praiſes to the Lord
In your Congregations.
Hee preſeru'd your ſtate alone,
His louing grace hath made you one
Of his choſen Nations.
But this light muſt hallowed be
With your beſt Oblations;
Prayſe the Lord, for onely great and mercifull is hee.

3 Death had enter'd in the gate,
And ruine was crept neare the State;
But heau'n all reuealed.
Di'ry Powder hell did make,
Which ready long the flame to take,
Lay in ſhade concealed.
God vs helpt of his free grace,
None to him appealed;
For none was ſo bad to feare the treaſon or the place.

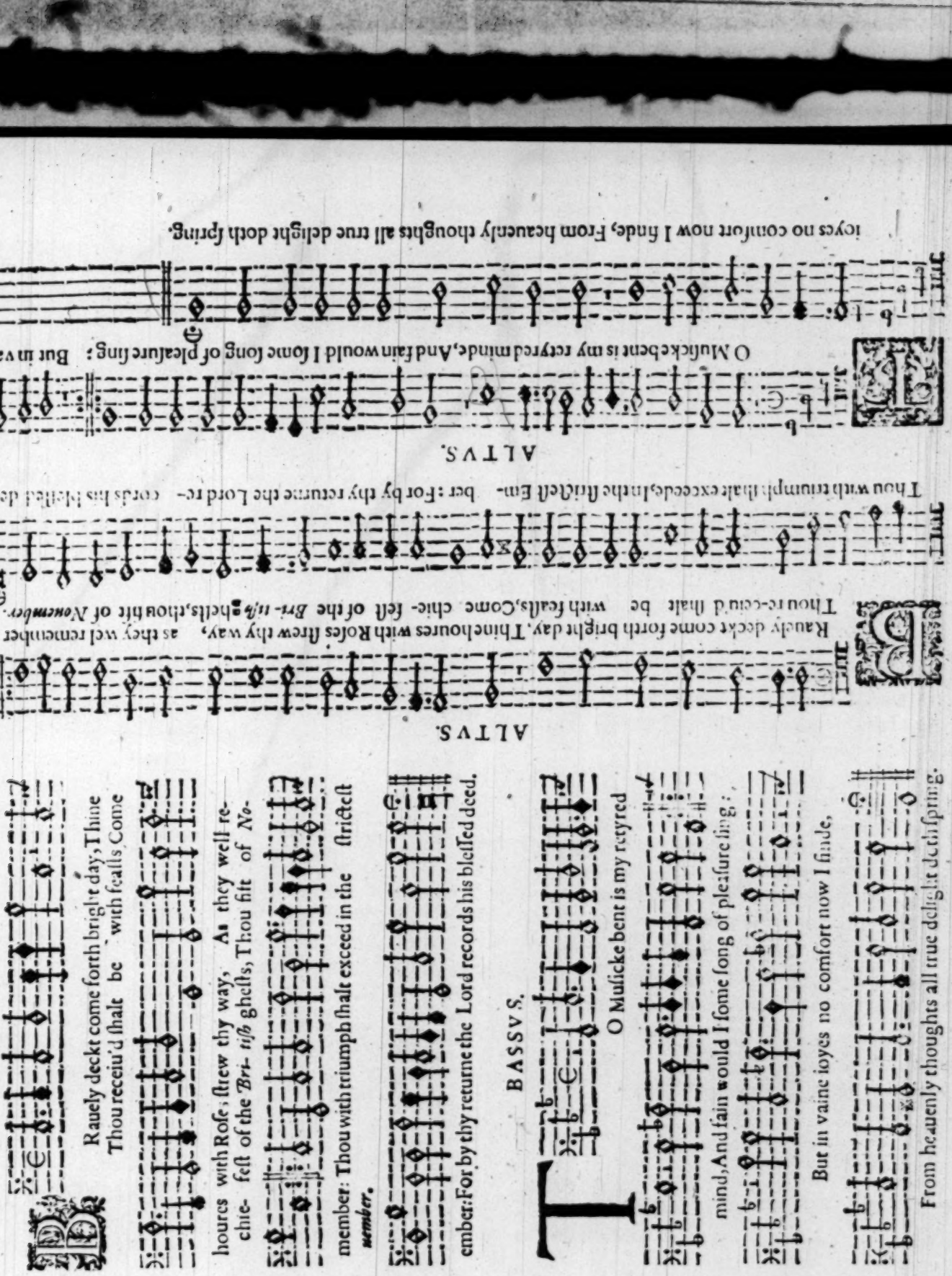
4 God his peacefull Monarch choſe,
To him the miſt he did diſcloſe,
To him, and none other;
This hee did O King for thee,
That thou thine owne renowne might'ſt ſee,
Which no time can ſmother:
May bleſt *Charles* thy comfort be
Firmer then his Brother,
May his heart the loue of peace, and wiſedome learne from thee.



1 To Muſicke bent is my retyred minde,
And faine would I ſome ſong of pleaſure ſing:
But in vaine ioyes no comfort now I finde:
From heau'nly thoughts all true delight doth ſpring.
Thy power O God, thy mercies to record
Will ſweeten eu'ry note, and eu'ry word.

2 All earthly pompe or beauty to expreſſe,
Is but to carue in ſnow, on waues to write.
Celeſtiall things though men conceiue them leſſe,
Yet fulleſt are they in themſelues of light:
Such beames they yeeld as know no meanes to dye:
Such heate they caſt as lifts the Spirit high.

BASSVS.



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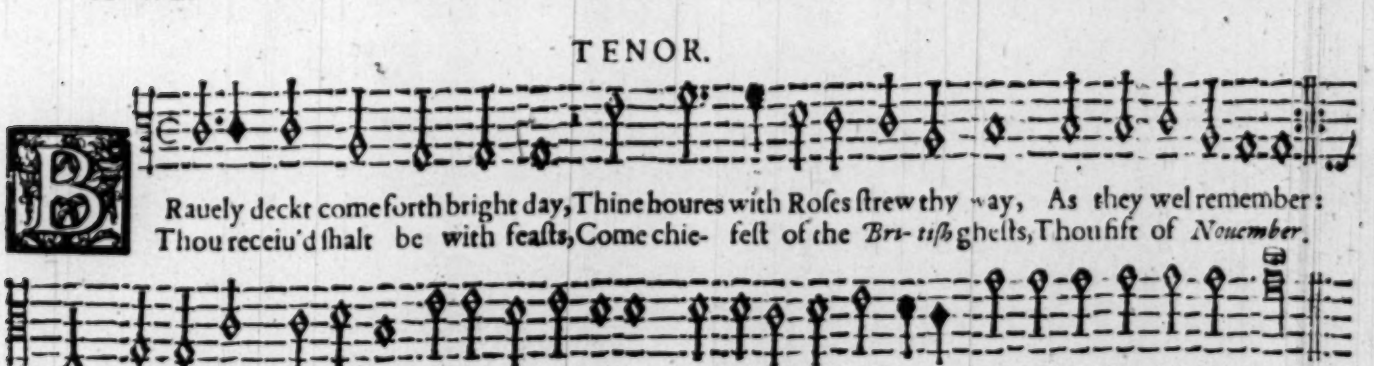

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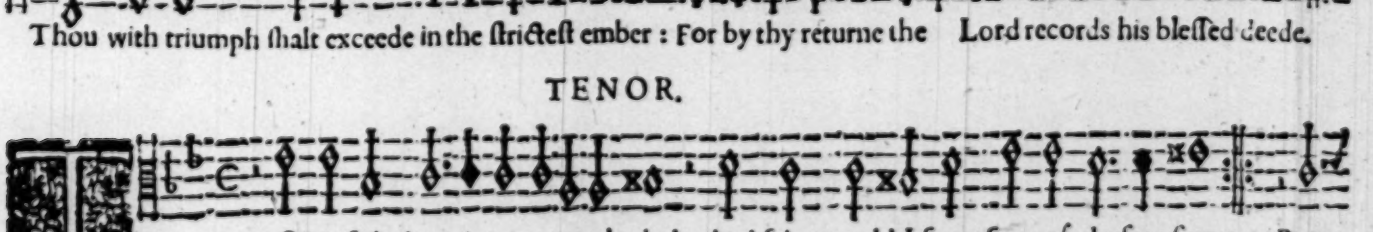

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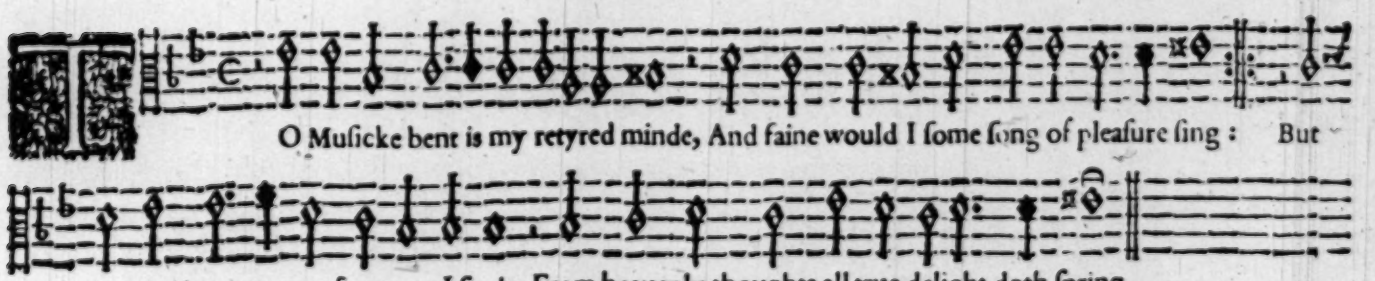
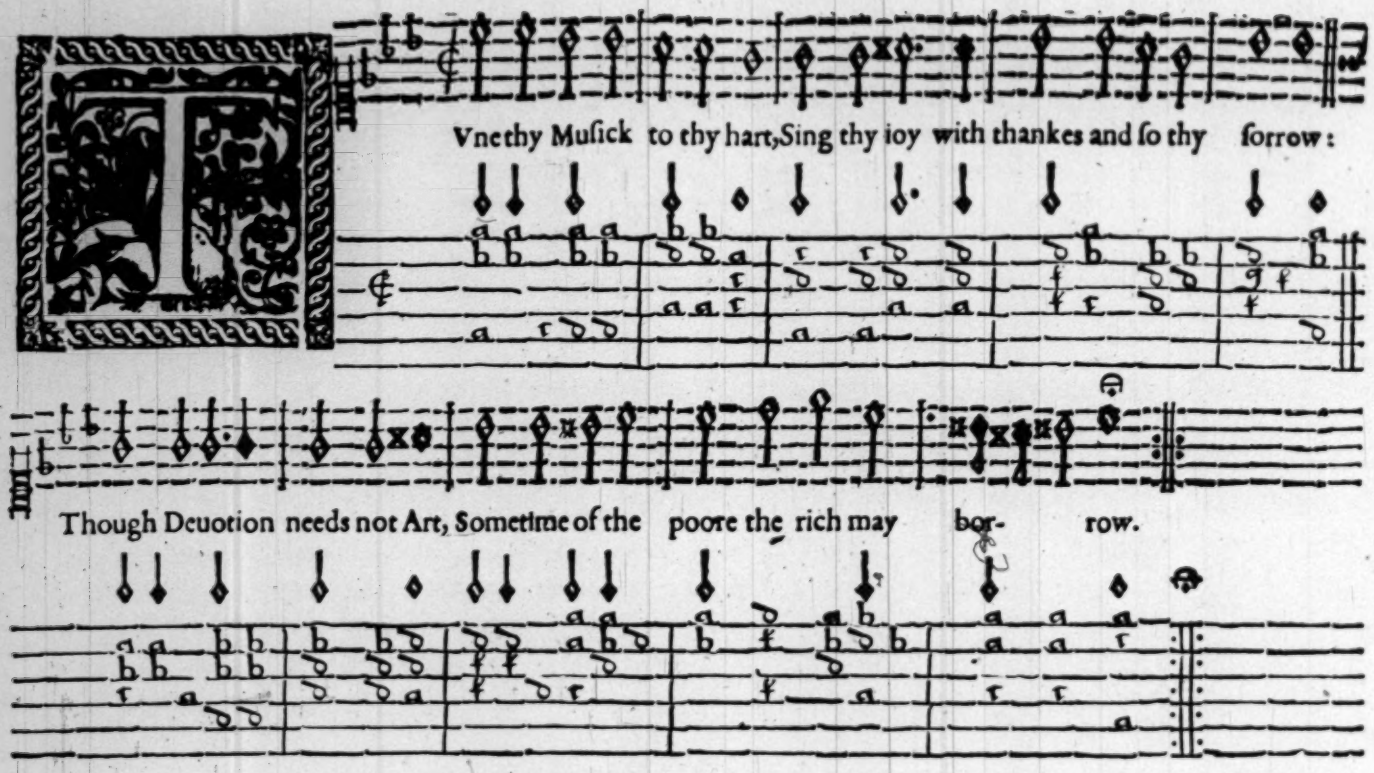
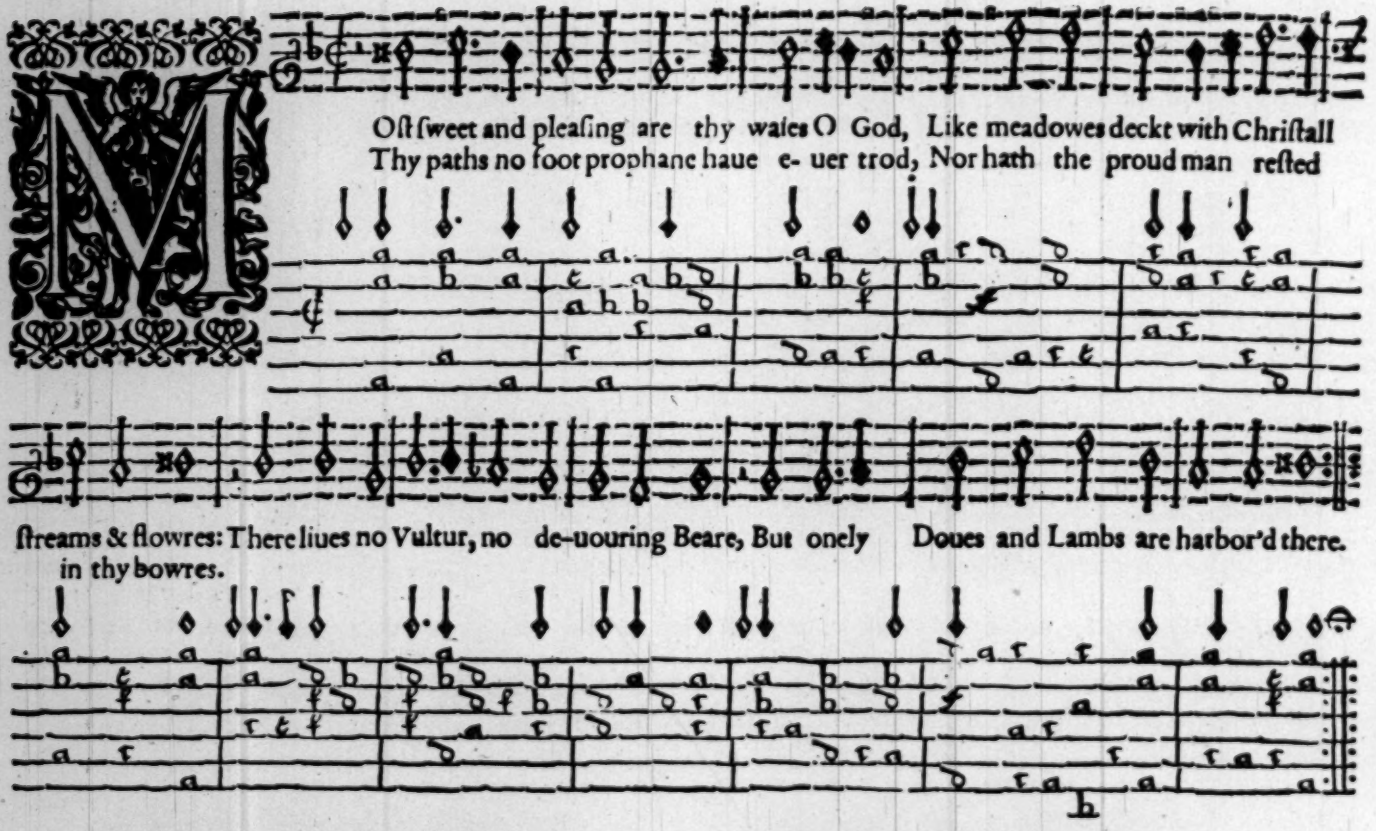




1 Tune thy Muſicke to thy hart,
Sing thy ioy with thankes, and ſo thy ſorrow:
Though Deuotion needs not Art,
Sometime of the poore the rich may borrow.

2 Striue not yet for curious wayes,
Concord pleaſeth more the leſſe 'tis ſtrained;
Zeale affects not outward prayſe,
Onely ſtriues to ſhew a loue vnfained.

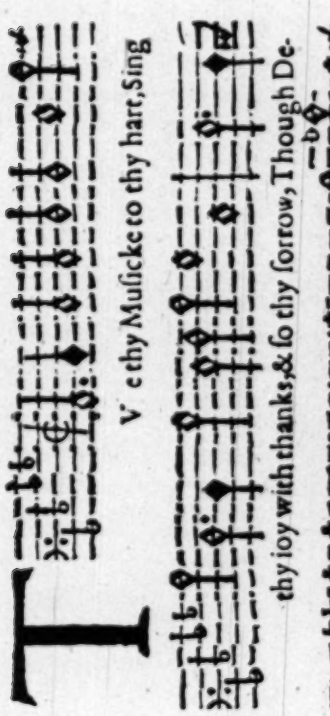
3 Loue can wondrous things effect,
Sweeteſt Sacrifice, all wrath appeaſing:
Loue the higheſt doth reſpect,
Loue alone to him is euer pleaſing.



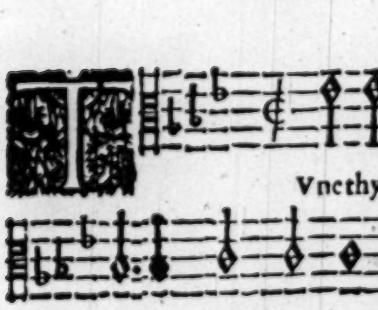
1 Moſt ſweet and pleaſing are thy wayes O God,
Like Meadowes deckt with Chriſtall ſtreames and flowers:
Thy paths no foote prophane hath euer trod:
Nor hath the proud man reſted in thy Bowers.
There liues no Vultur, no deuouring Beare,
But onely Doues and Lambs are harbor'd there.

2 The Wolfe his young ones to their prey doth guide;
The Foxe his Cubbs with falſe deceit endues;
The Lyons Whelpe ſuckes from his Damme his pride;
In hers the Serpent malice doth infuſe:
The darkſome Deſart all ſuch beaſts containes,
Not one of them in Paradice remaynes.

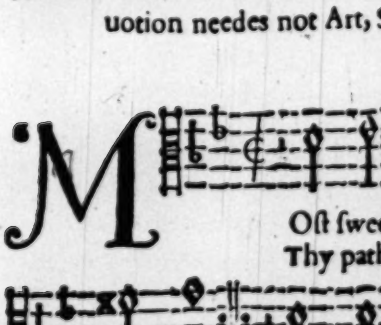
BASSVS.



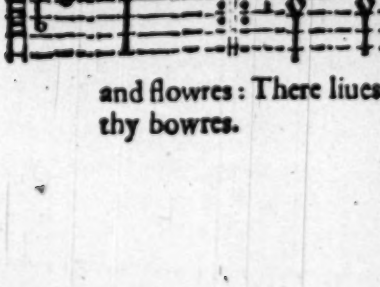
Vne thy Muſicke to thy hart, Sing thy ioy with thankes, and ſo thy ſorrow, Though De-



uotion needes not Art, Sometime of the poore the rich may borrow.



Oſt ſweet and pleaſing are thy wayes O God, Like Meadowes deckt with Chriſtall ſtreames
Thy paths no foot prophane hath e- uer trod, Nor hath the proud man reſted in thy



and flowres: There liues no Vultur, no deuouring Beare, But onely Doues and Lambs are harbour'd there.
bowres.

ALTVS.

Vne thy Muſicke to thy hart, Sing thy ioy with thankes, and ſo thy ſorrow: Though De-

uotion needes not Art, Sometime of the poore the rich may borrow.

ALTVS.

Oſt ſweet and pleaſing are thy wayes O God, Like Meadowes deckt with Chriſtall ſtreames
Thy paths no foot prophane hath e- uer trod, Nor hath the proud man reſted in

and flowres: There liues no Vultur, no deuouring Beare, But onely Doues and Lambs are harbour'd there.
in thy bowres.

TENOR.

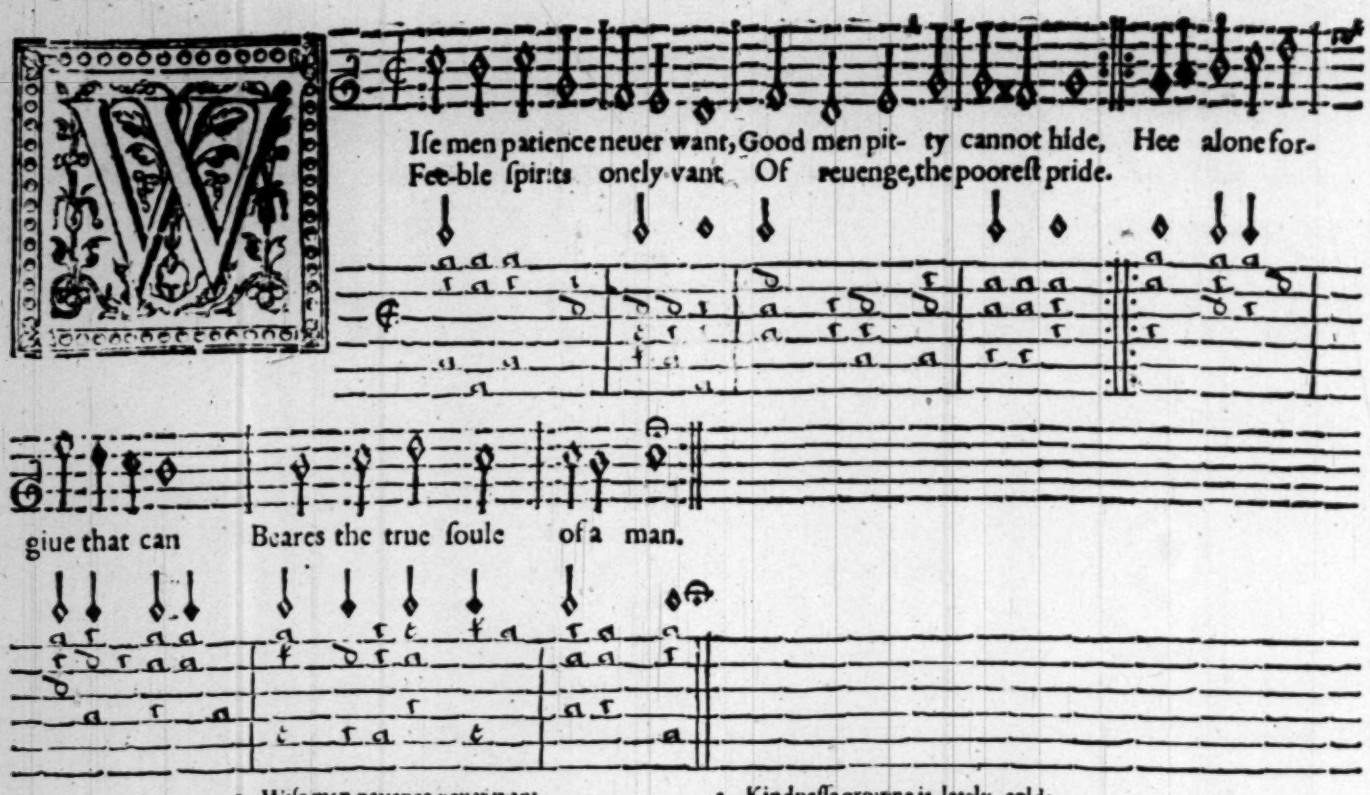
Vne thy Muſicke to thy hart, Sing thy ioy with thankes, and ſo thy ſor- row: Though De-

uotion needes not Art, Sometime of the poore the rich may borrow.

TENOR.

Oſt ſweet and pleaſing are thy wayes O God, Like Meadowes deckt with Chriſtall ſtreames
Thy paths no foot prophane hath e- uer trod, Nor hath the proud man reſted in

and flowres: There liues no Vultur, no deuouring Beare, But onely Doues and Lambs are harbour'd there.
thy bowres.

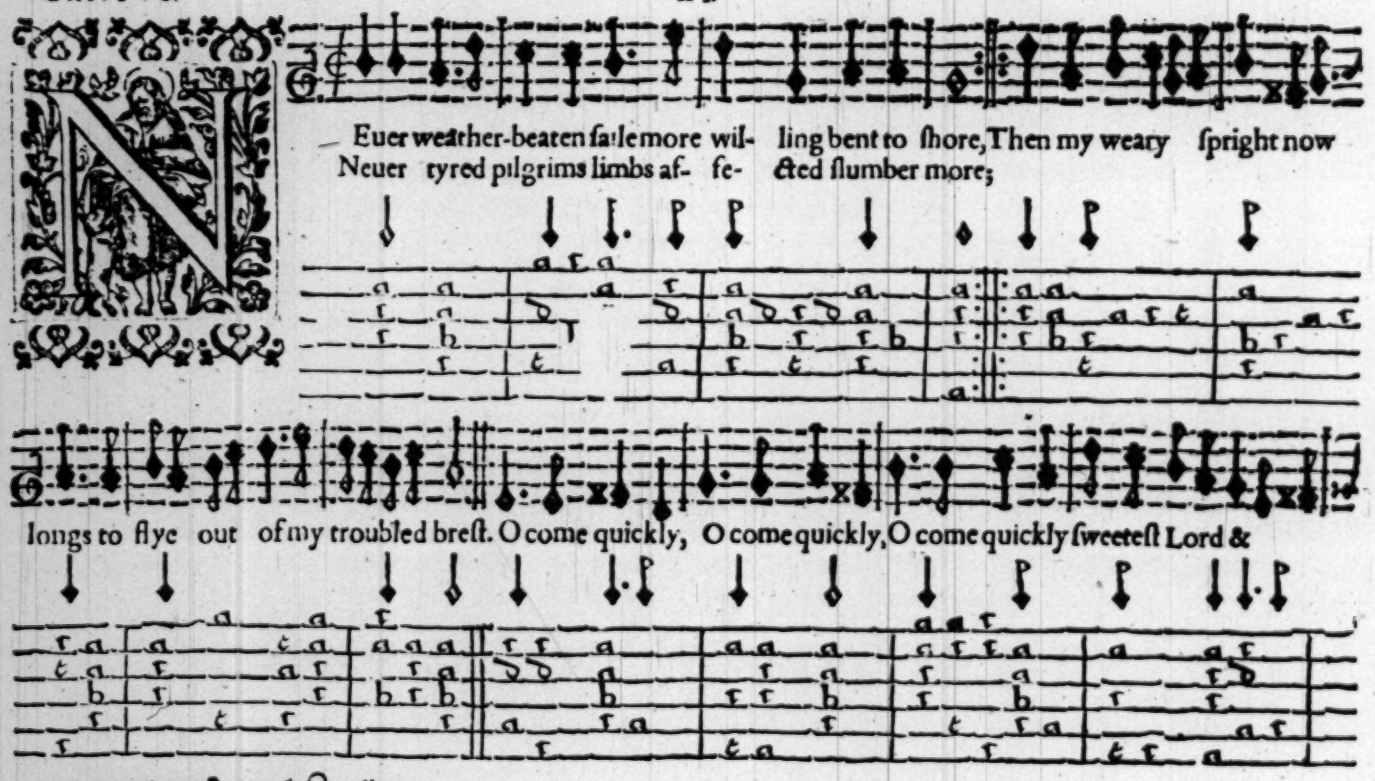


1 Wiſe men patience neuer want,
Good men pitty cannot hide:
Feeble ſpirits onely vant
Of reuenge, the pooreſt pride.
Hee alone forgiue that can
Beares the true ſoule of a man.

2 Some there are debate that ſeeke
Making trouble their content,
Happy if they wrong the meeke,
Vexe them that to peace are bent;
Such vndooe the common tye
Of mankinde, ſocietie.

3 Kindneſſe growne is, lately, colde,
Conſcience hath forgot her part:
Bleſſed times were knowne of old,
Long ere Law became an Art.
Shame deterr'd, no Statutes then,
Honeſt loue was law to men.

4 Deeds from loue and words that flowre
Foſter like kinde *Aprill* ſhowres;
In the warme Sunne all things grow,
Wholſome fruits and pleaſant flowres.
All ſo thriues his gentle rayes,
Where on humane loue diſplayes.



1 Neuer weather-beaten Saile more willing bent to ſhore,
Neuer tyred Pilgrims limbs affected ſlumber more;
Then my weary ſpright now longs to flye out of my troubled breſt.
O come quickly ſweeteſt Lord, and take my ſoule to reſt.

2 Euer-blooming are the ioyes of Heau'ns high paradice,
Cold age deafes not there our eares, nor vapour dims our eyes;
Glory there the Sun out-ſhines, whoſe beames the bleſſed onely ſee;
O come quickly glorious Lord, and raiſe my ſpright to thee.

BASSVS.

Ife men patience neuer want, Good men pit- ty cannot hide, He alone forgiue that can, Beares
Fee-ble ſpirits onely vant Of reuenge, the pooreſt pride;

the true ſoule of a man.

BASSVS.

Euer weather-beaten ſaile more willing bent to ſhore, Then my weary ſpright now longs to flie out
Neuer ty- red pilgrims limbs af- fected ſlumber more;

of my troubled breſt. O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly, ſweeteſt Lord, and take my ſoule to reſt.

TENOR.

Ife men patience neuer want, Good men pit- ty cannot hide, Hee alone forgiue that can, Beares
Fee-ble ſpirits onely vant Of reuenge, the pooreſt pride;

the true ſoule of a man.

TENOR.

Euer weather-beaten ſaile more willing bent to ſhore, Then my wea- ry ſpright now longs to
Neuer ty- red pilgrims limbs af- fected ſlumber more;

flie out of my troubled breſt. O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly, ſweeteſt Lord, & take my ſoule to reſt.

ALTVS.

If men patience neuer want, Good men pit- ty cannot hide: He alone forgiue that can, Beares
Fee- ble ſpirits onely vant Of reuenge the pooreſt pride.

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ALTVS.

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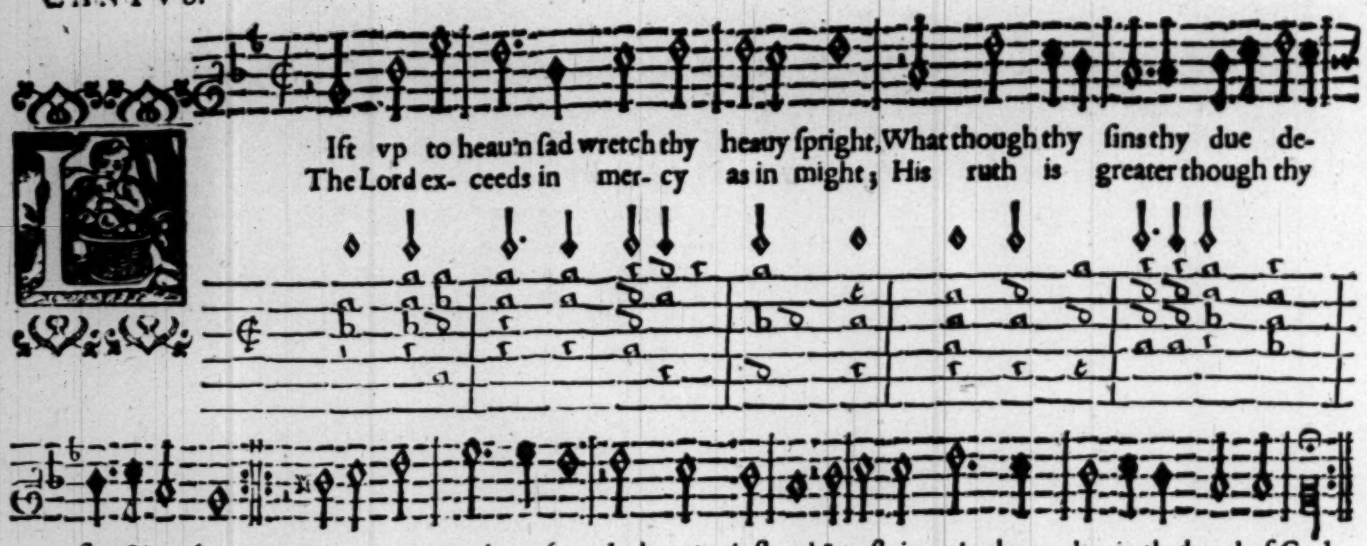
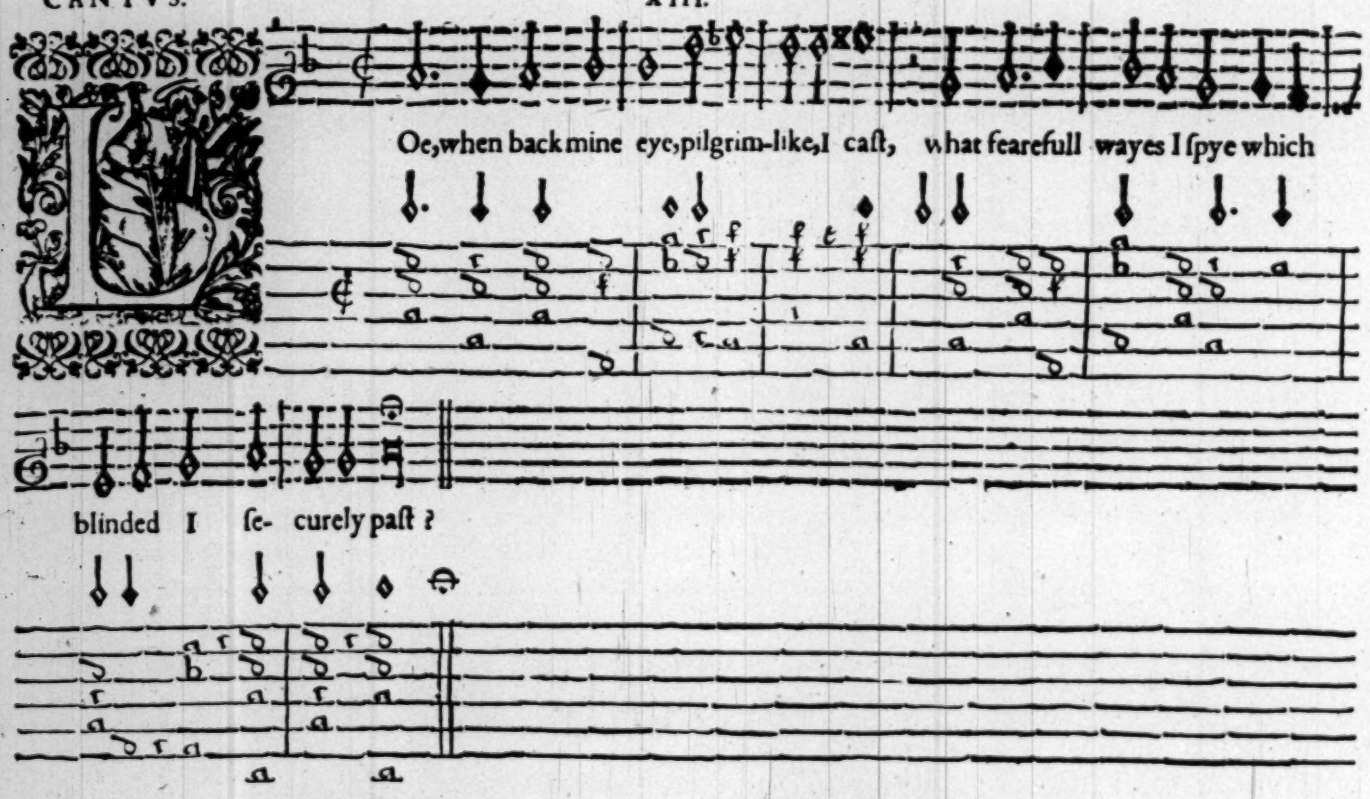
out of my troubled breſt, O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly, ſweeteſt Lord, and take my ſoule to reſt.



1 Lift vp to heau'n ſad wretch thy heauy ſpright,
What though thy ſinnes thy due deſtruction threat?
The Lord exceedes in mercy as in might;
His ruth is greater though thy crimes be great.
Repentance needes not feare the heau'ns iuſt rod,
It ſtayes eu'n thunder in the hand of God.

2 With chearefull voyce to him then cry for grace,
Thy Faith, and fainting Hope, with Prayer reuiue;
Remorce for all that truely mourne hath place;
Nor God, but men of him themſelues depriue:
Striue then, and hee will helpe; call him, hee'll heare;
The Sonne needes not the Fathers fury feare.



1 Loe, when backe mine eye,
Pilgrim-like, I caſt,
What fearefull wayes I ſpye,
Which blinded I ſecurely paſt?

2 But now heau'n hath drawne
From my browes that night;
As when the day doth dawne,
So cleares my long impriſon'd ſight.

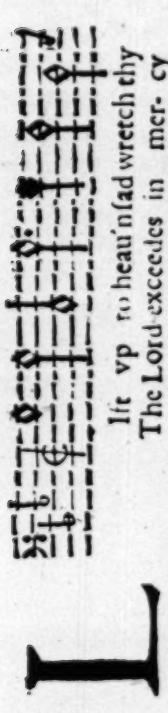
3 Straight the caues of hell
Dreſt with flowres I ſee,
Wherein falſe pleaſures dwell,
That winning moſt, moſt deadly be.

4 Throngs of maſked Feinds,
Wing'd like Angels flye,
Eu'n in the gates of Friends;
In faire diſguiſe blacke dangers lye.

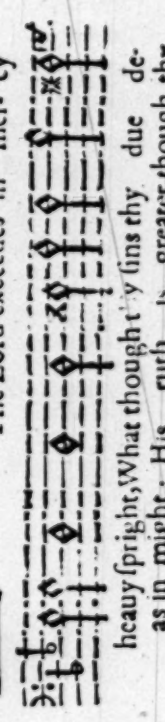
5 Straight to Heau'n I rais'd
My reſtored ſight:
And with loud voyce I pray'd
The Lord of euer-during light.

6 And ſince I had ſtray'd
From his wayes ſo wide,
His grace I humble pray'd
Hence-forth to be my guard and guide.

BASSVS.



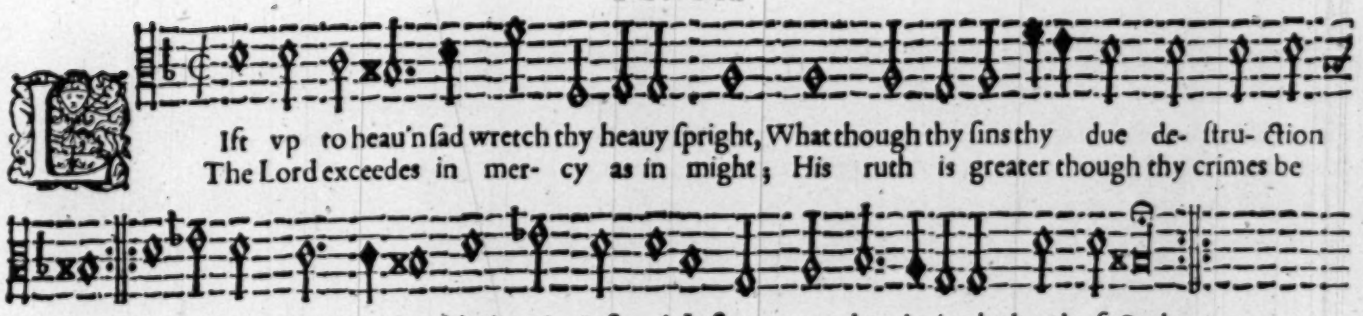
Ift vp to heau'n ſad wretch thy heauy ſpright, What though thy ſins thy due de-
The Lord exceedes in mer- cy as in might; His ruth is greater though thy
ſtru-ction threat? Repentance need not feare the
Crimes be great.
heau'ns iuſt rod, It ſtaies eu'n thunder in the hands
of God.



BASSVS.

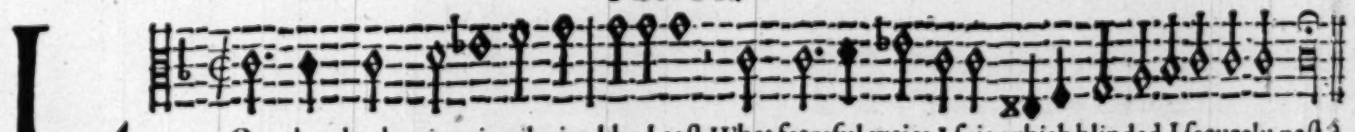
Oe, when backe mine eye, pilgrime-
like, I caſt, What feareful wayes I ſpye, which blinded
I ſecurely paſt?

TENOR.



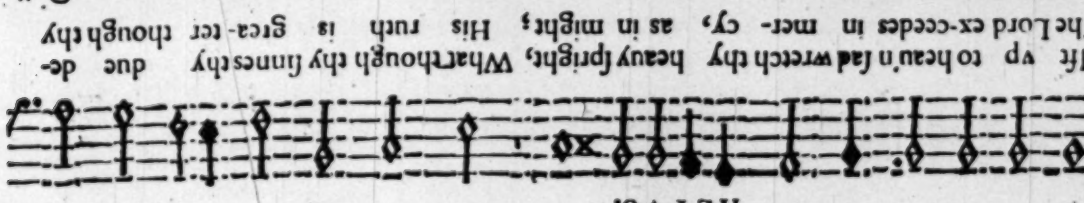
Ift vp to heau'n ſad wretch thy heauy ſpright, What though thy ſins thy due de- ſtru- ction
The Lord exceedes in mer- cy as in might; His ruth is greater though thy crimes be
threat? Repentance neede not feare the heau'ns iuſt rod, It ſtayes eu'n thunder in the hand of God.
great.

TENOR.

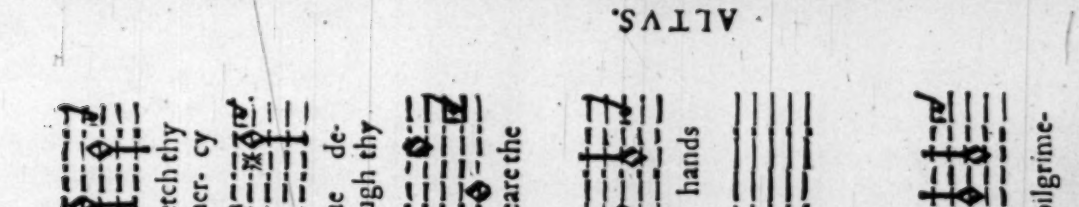


Oe, when back mine eie, pilgrim-like, I caſt, What feareful waies I ſpie, which blinded I ſecurely paſt?

ALTVS.



Ift vp to heau'n ſad wretch thy heauy ſpright, What though thy ſinnes thy due de-
The Lord ex-ceedes in mer- cy, as in might; His ruth is grea- ter though thy
Crimes be great.

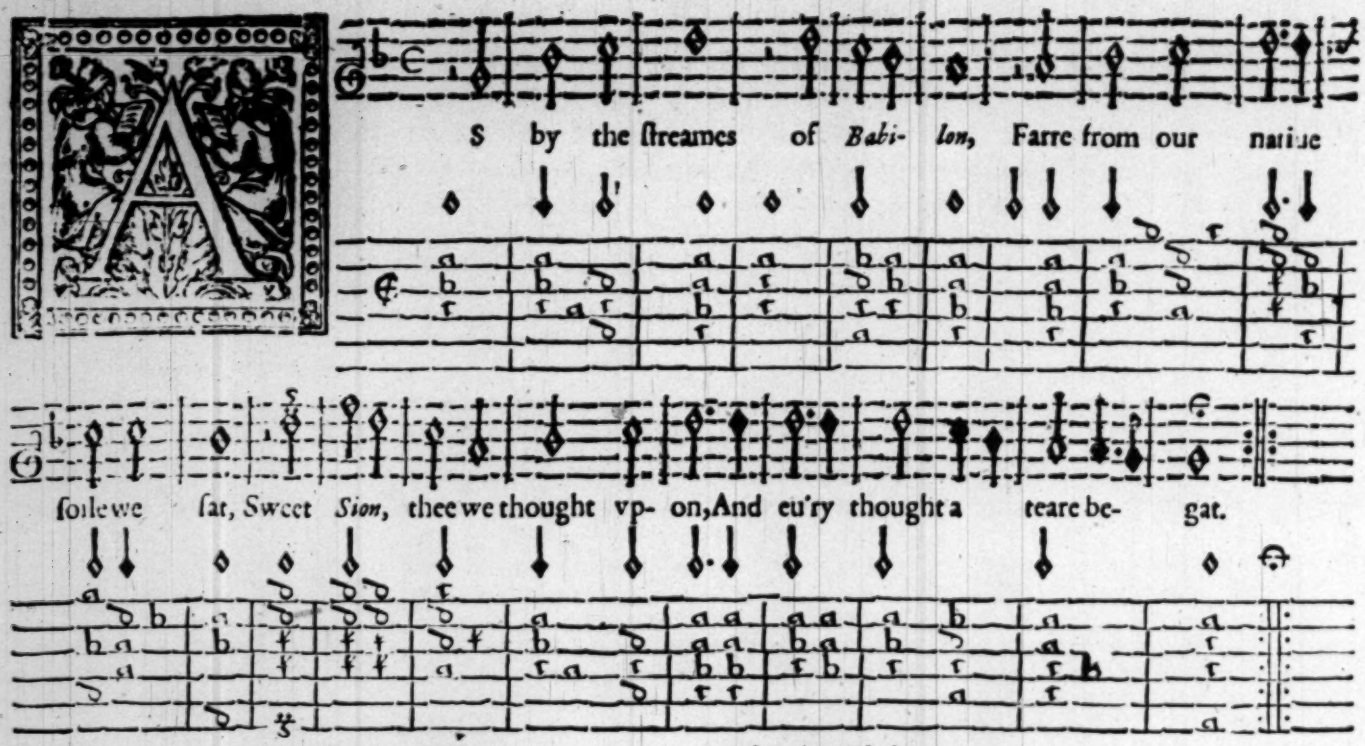


Tru- ction threat? Repen- tance need not feare the heau'nsiuſt rod, It ſtayes eu'n thunder in the hand of God.

ALTVS.

Oe, when backe mine eye, pilgrime-like, I caſt, What feareful wayes I ſpye, which blinded I
ſecurely paſt?

CANTVS. XIIII.



1 As by the ſtreames of *Babilon*,
Farre from our natiue ſoyle we ſat,
Sweet *Sion* thee we thought vpon,
And eu'ry thought a teare begat.

2 Aloft the trees that ſpring vp there
Our ſilent Harps wee penſiue hung:
Said they that captiu'd vs, Let's heare
Some ſong which you in *Sion* ſung.

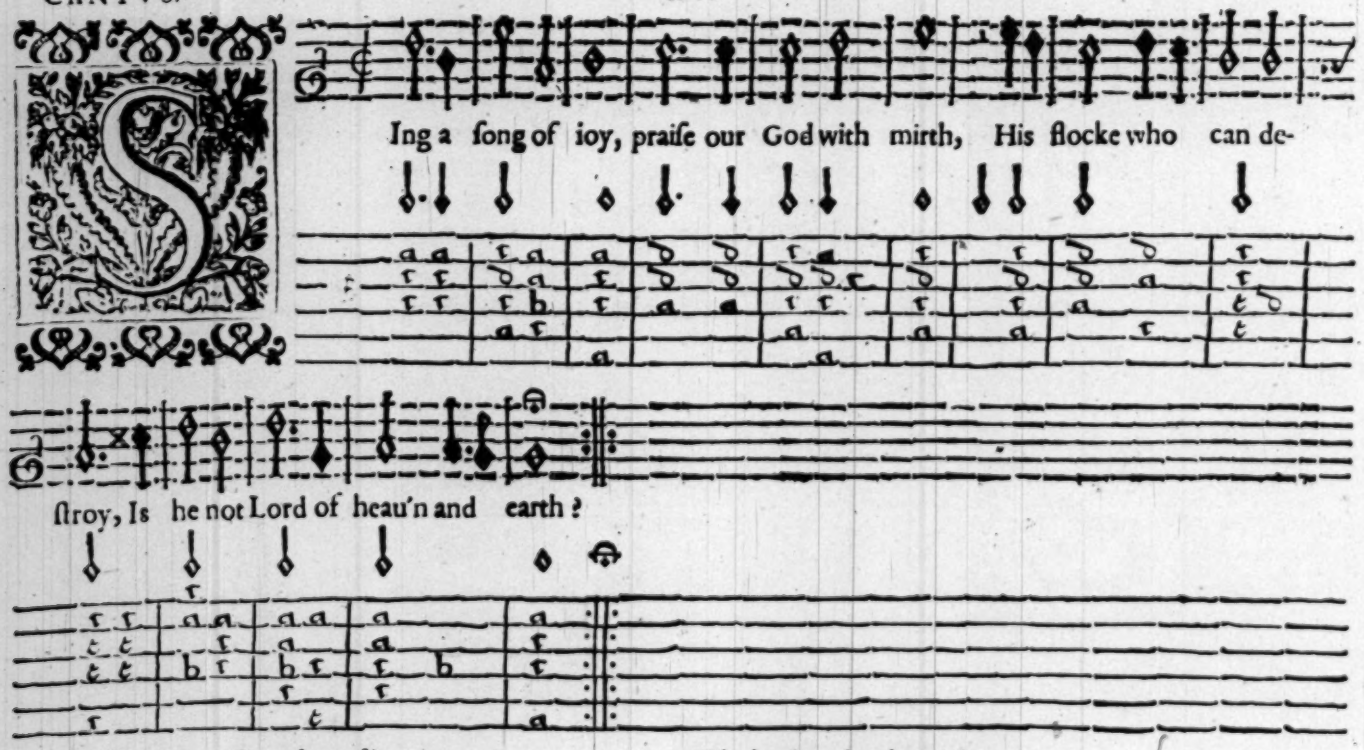
3 Is then the ſong of our God fit
To be prophan'd in forraine land?
O *Salem* thee when I forget
Forget his skill may my right hand!

4 Faſt to the roofe cleaue may my tongue
If mindeleſſe I of thee be found:
Or if when all my ioyes are ſung
Ieruſalem be not the ground.

5 Remember Lord how *Edoms* race
Cryed in *Ieruſalems* ſad day,
Hurle downe her wals, her towres deface,
And ſtone and by ſtone all leuell lay.

6 Curſt *Babels* ſeede for *Salems* ſake
Iuſt ruine yet for thee remaines:
Bleſt ſhall they be thy babes that take,
And 'gainſt the ſtones daſh out their braines.

CANTVS. XV.



1 Sing a ſong of ioy,
Prayſe our God with mirth:
His flocke who can deſtroy?
Is hee not Lord of heau'n and earth?

2 Sing wee then ſecure,
Tuning well our ſtrings:
With voyce as Eccho pure
Let vs renowne the King of Kings.

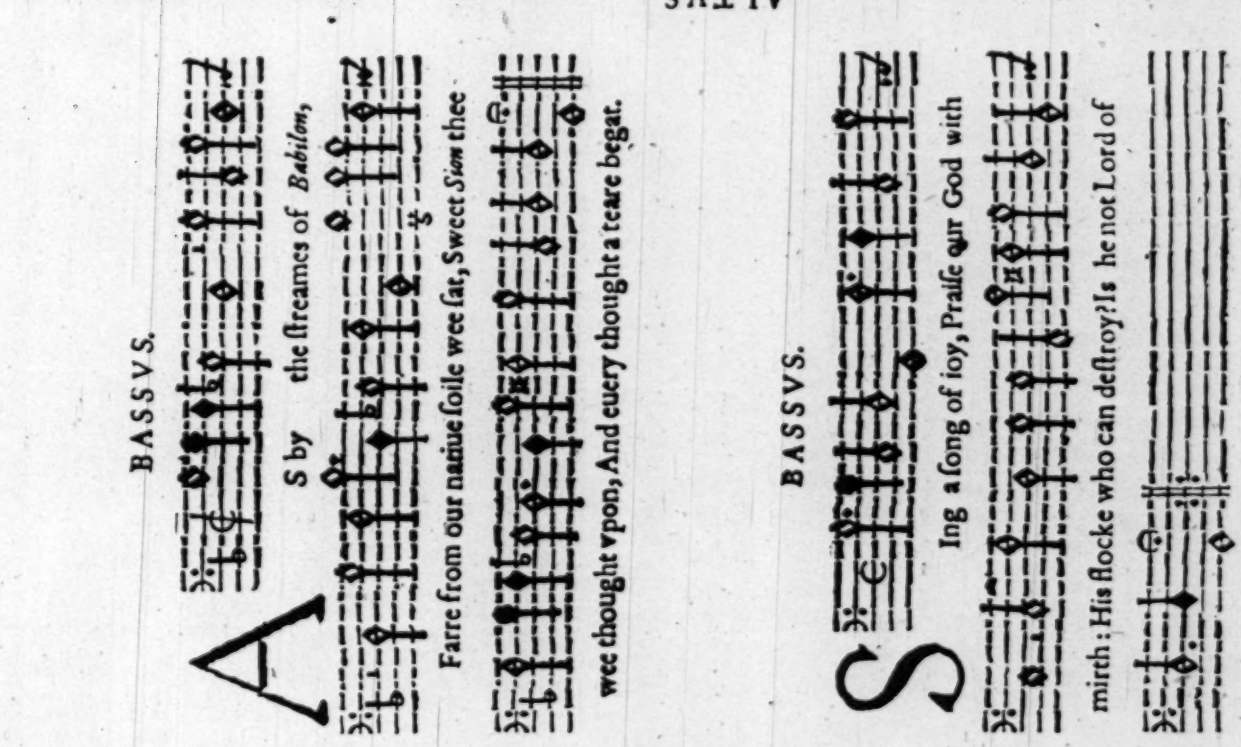
3 Firſt who taught the day
From the Eaſt to riſe:
Whom doth the Sunne obey
When in the Seas his glory dyes?

4 Hee the Starres directs,
That in order ſtand:
Who heau'n and earth protects,
But hee that fram'd them with his hand?

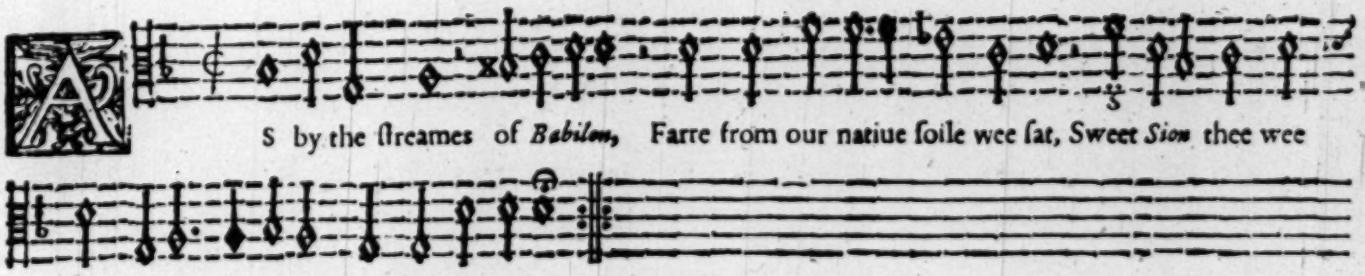
5 Angels round attend,
Wayting on his will:
Arm'd millions hee doth ſend,
To ayde the good, or plague the ill.

6 All that dread his Name,
And his Hefts obſerue,
His arme will ſhield from ſhame,
Their ſteps from truth ſhall neuer ſwerue.

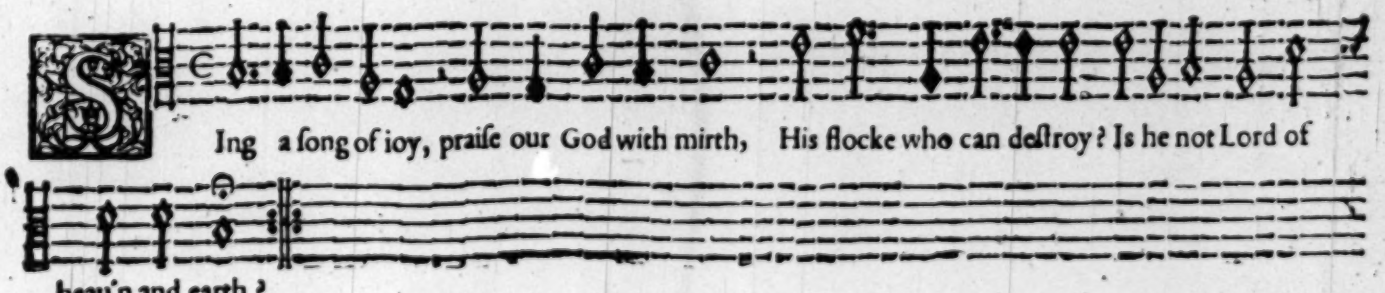
7 Let vs then reioyce,
Sounding loud his prayſe:
So will hee heare our voyce,
And bleſſe on earth our peacefull dayes.



TENOR.

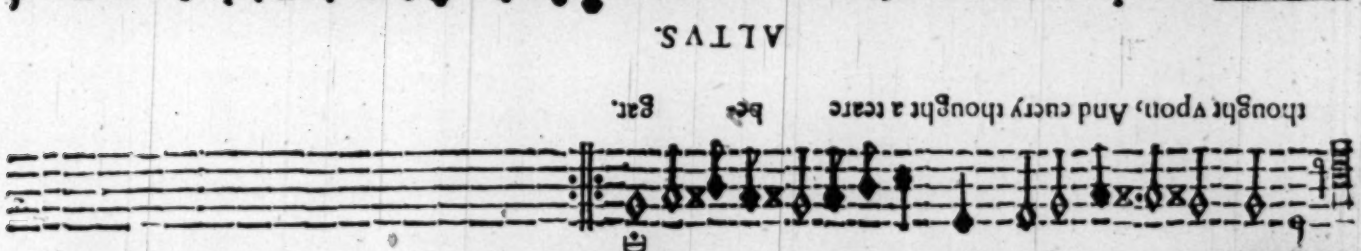


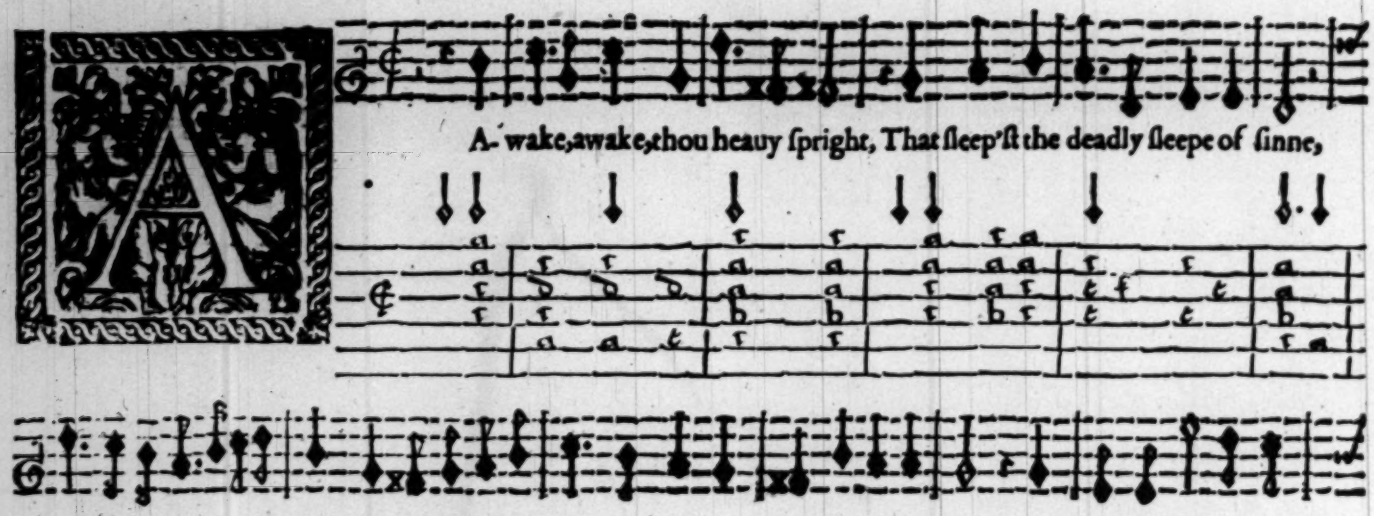
TENOR.



ALTVS.

ALTVS.

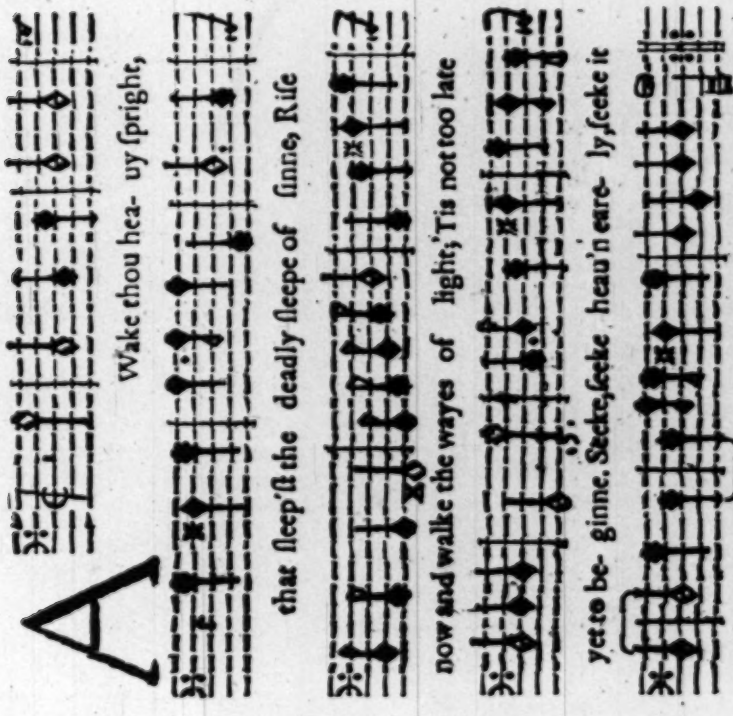




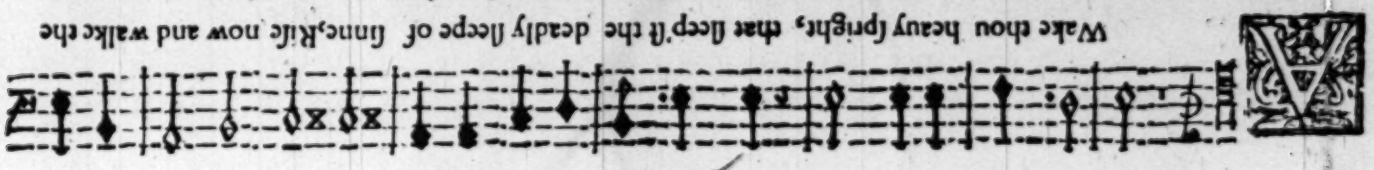
1 Awake, awake thou heauy ſpright,
That ſleep'ſt the deadly ſleepe of ſinne;
Riſe now and walke the wayes of light:
'Tis not too late yet to begin.
Seeke heau'n earely, ſeeke it late;
True Faith ſtill findes an open gate.

2 Get vp, get vp thou leaden man,
Thy tracks to endleſſe ioy, or paine,
Yeelds but the modell of a ſpan,
Yet burnes out thy lifes lampe in vaine.
One minute bounds thy bane, or bliſſe,
Then watch, and labour while time is.

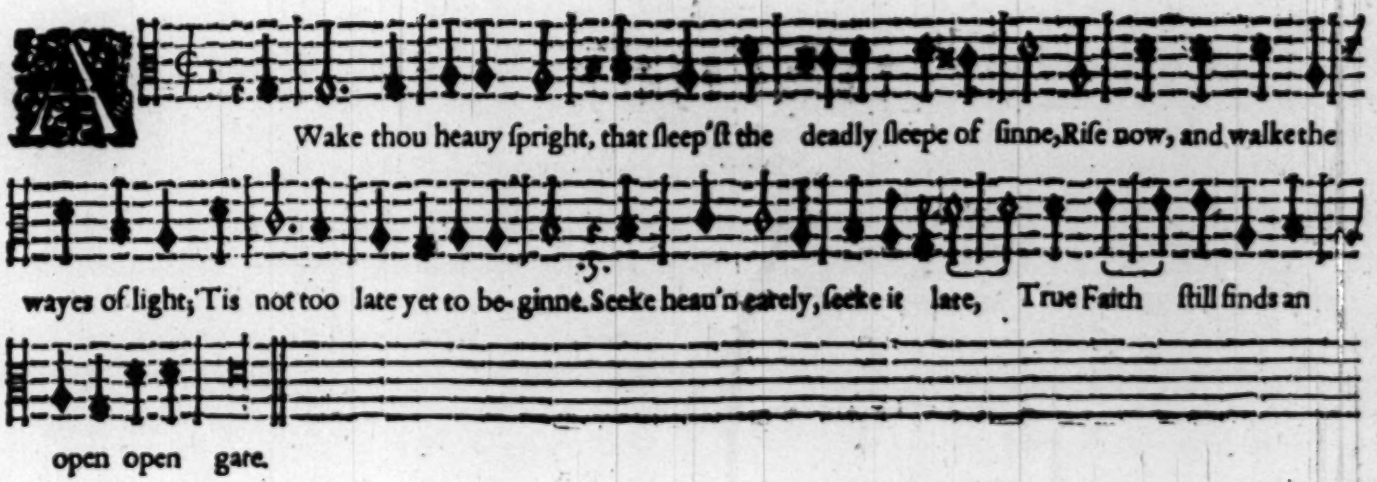
BASSVS.



ALTVS.



TENOR.



BASSVS.

Come chearfull day, :|: part of my life to me: For while thou view'st me with thy fading light, Part of my life doth still depart with thee, And I still onward haste to my last night. Times fatall wings doe euer forward flie, So eu'ry day we liue, a day wee dye.

ALTVS.

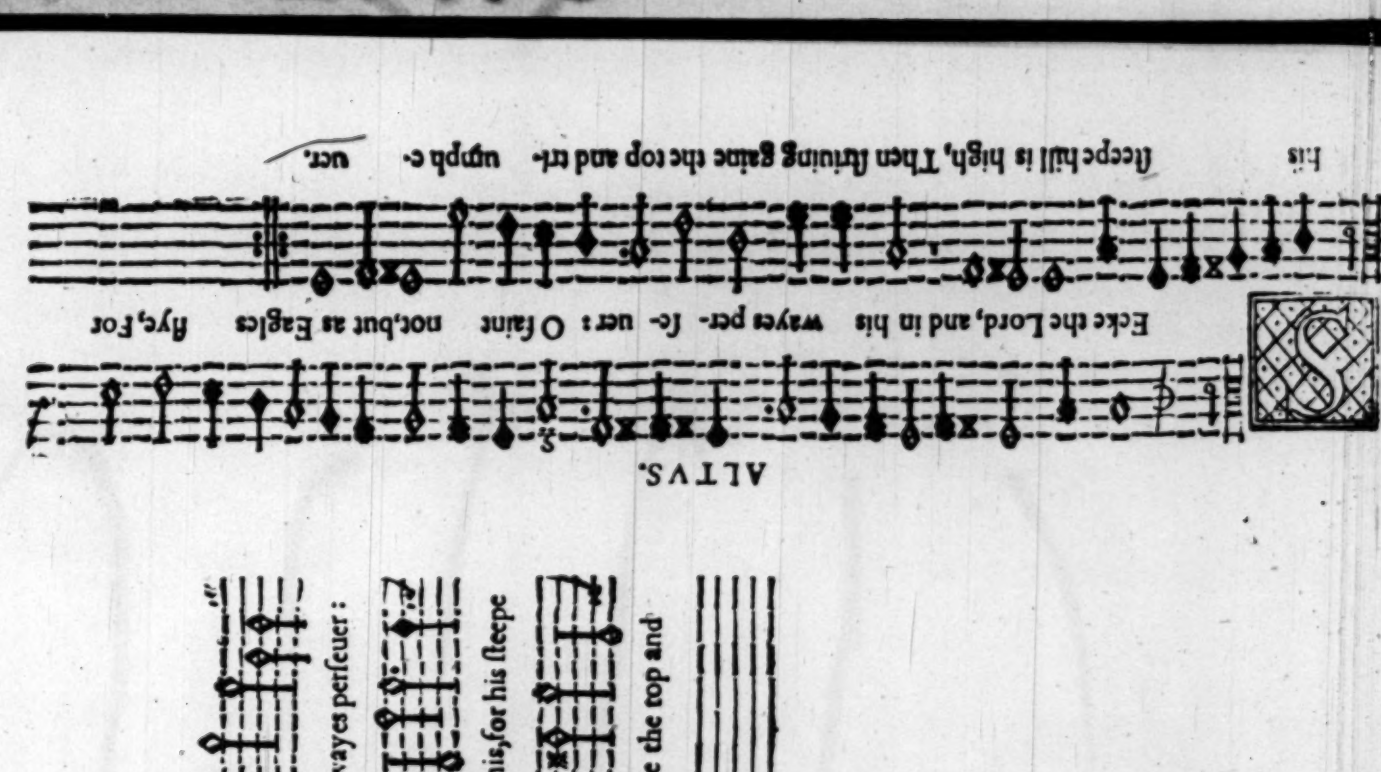
Come chearfull day, come chearfull day, Part of my life to mee: For while thou view'st me with thy fa- ding light, Part of my life doth still depart with thee, And I still onward haste to my last night. Times fatall wings doe euer forward flie, So eu'ry day we liue, a day we dye.

1 Come chearfull day, :|: part of my life, to mee:
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light,
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
And I still onward haste to my last night.
Times fatall wings doe euer forward flye,
So eu'ry day we liue, a day wee dye.

2 But O yee nights ordain'd for barren rest,
How are my dayes depriu'd of life in you,
When heauy sleepe my soule hath dispossest,
By fayned death life sweetly to renew?
Part of my life in that you life denye,
So eu'ry day we liue a day wee dye.

CANTVS. XVII.

Come chearfull day, Come chearfull day, part of my life to me: For while thou view'st me with thy fa- ding light, Part of my life doth still depart with thee, And I still onward haste to my last night, Times fatall wings doe euer forward flie, So eu'ry day, so eu'ry day we liue, we liue, a day wee dye.

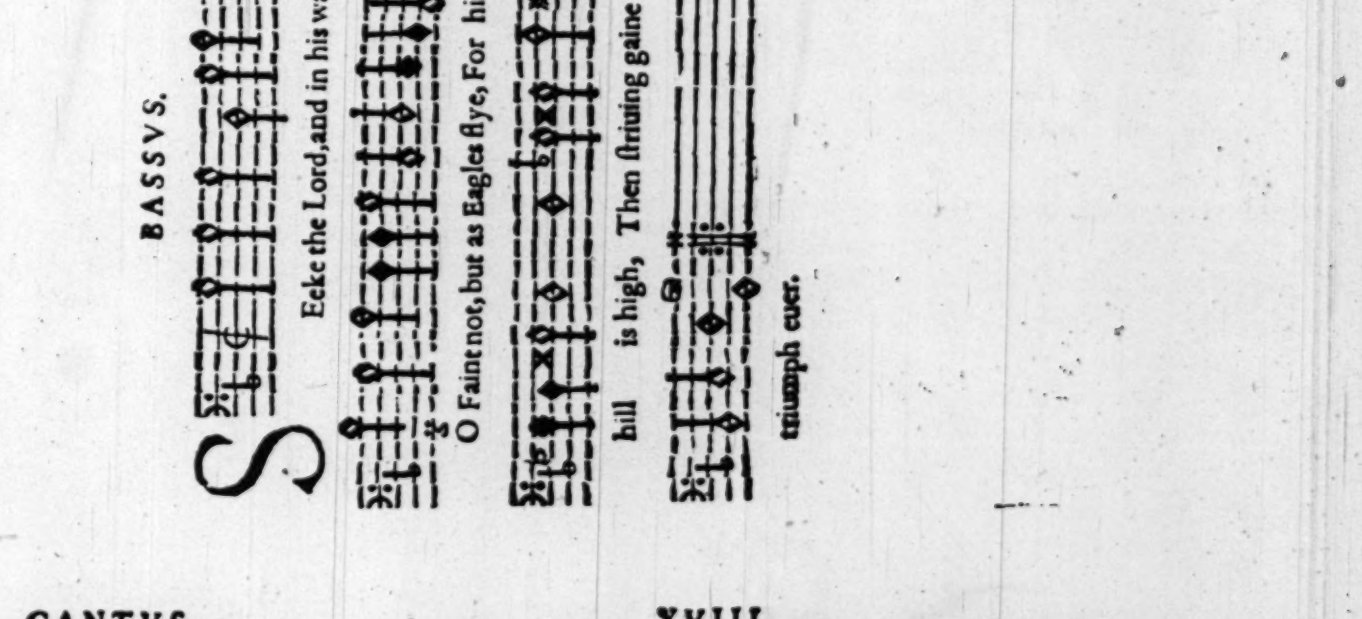


1 Seeke the Lord, and in his wayes perſeuer:
O faint not, but as Eagles flye,
For his ſteepe hill is high;
Then ſtriuing gaine the top, and triumph euer.

2 When with glory there thy browes are crowned,
New ioyes ſo ſhall abound in thee,
Such ſights thy ſoule ſhall ſee,
That worldly thoughts ſhall by their beames be drowned.

3 Farewell World, thou maſſe of meere confuſion,
Falſe light with many ſhadowes dimm'd,
Old Witch with new ſoyles trimm'd,
Thou deadly ſleepe of ſoule, and charm'd illuſion.

4 I the King will ſeeke of Kings adored,
Spring of light, tree of grace and bliſſe,
Whoſe fruit ſo ſou'raigne is,
That all who taſte it are from death reſtored.



CANTVS XIX.

Lighten heauy hart thy ſpright, The ioies recal that thence are fled: Yeeld thy breſt ſome

li- uing light, The man that nothing doth is dead. Tune thy temper to theſe ſounds, And quicken ſo thy

ioyleſſe mind, Sloth the worſt and beſt con- founds, It is the ruine of mankinde.

ALTVS.

Lighten heauy hart thy ſpright, The ioyes recall that thence are fled: Yeeld thy breſt ſome liuing

light, The man that nothing doth is dead. Tune thy temper to theſe ſounds, And quicken ſo thy ioyleſſe mind,

Sloth the worſt and beſt confounds, It is the ruine of mankinde.

BASSVS.

Lighten heauy hart thy ſpright, The

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liuing light, The man that nothing doth is dead.

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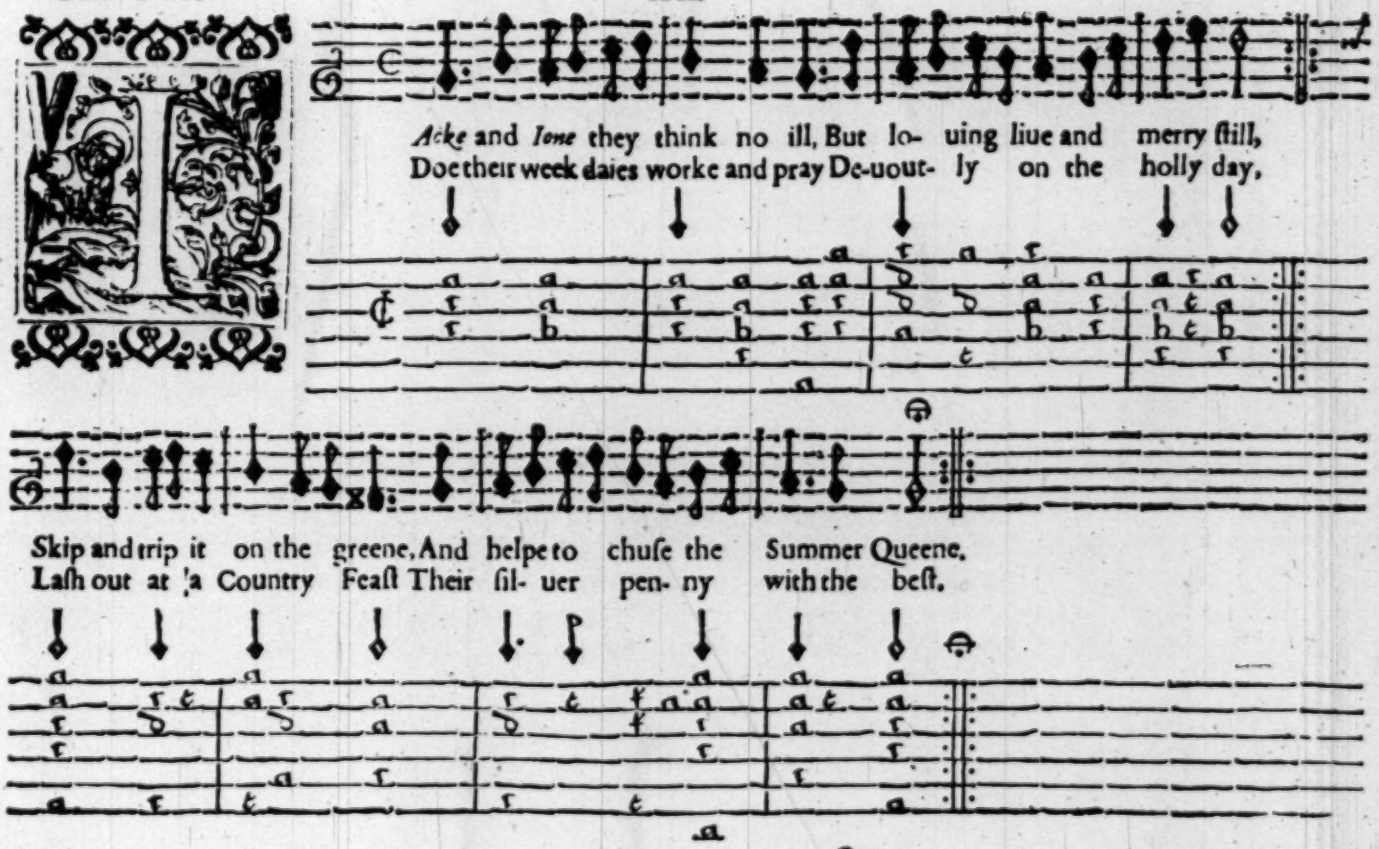
ioyleſſe minde, Sloth the worſt and beſt confounds,

It is the ruine of mankinde.

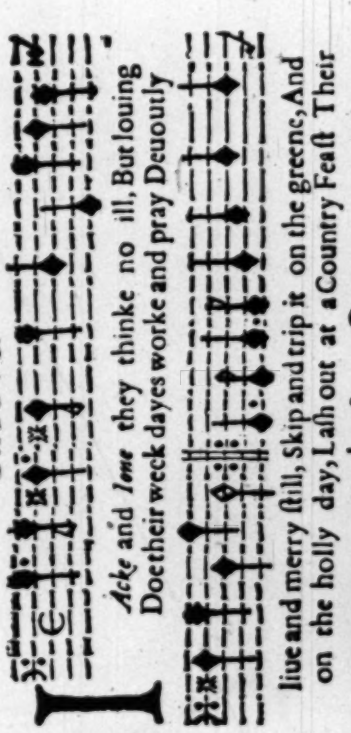
1 Lighten heauy hart thy ſpright,
The ioyes recall that thence are fled:
Yeeld thy breſt ſome liuing light,
The man that nothing doth is dead.
Tune thy temper to theſe ſounds,
And quicken ſo thy ioyleſſe minde;
Sloth the worſt and beſt confounds,
It is the ruine of mankinde.

2 From her cauſe riſe all diſaſts,
Which vnreſolu'd Deſpaire purſues;
Whom ſoone after Violence haſts
Her ſelfe vngratefull to abuſe.
Skies are clear'd with ſtirring windes,
Th'vnmoued water moorish growes;
Eu'ry eye much pleaſure findes
To view a ſtreame that brightly flowes.

CANTVS. XX.



BASSVS.



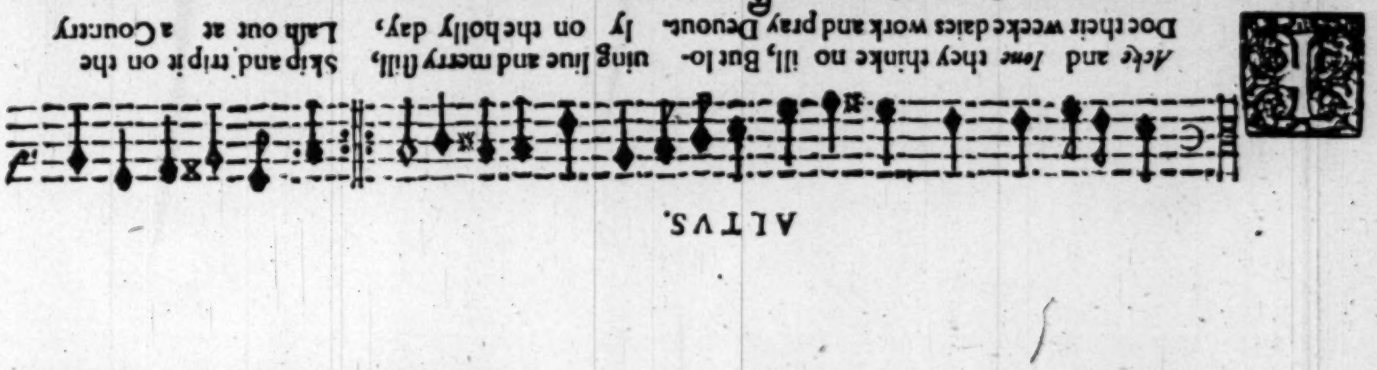
1 *Acke* and *Ione* they thinke no ill,
But louing liue, and merry ſtill:
Doe their weeke dayes worke and pray
Deuoutely on the holy day:
Skip and trip it on the greene,
And helpe to chuſe the Summer Queene:
Laſh out at a Country Feaſt
Their ſiluer penny with the beſt.

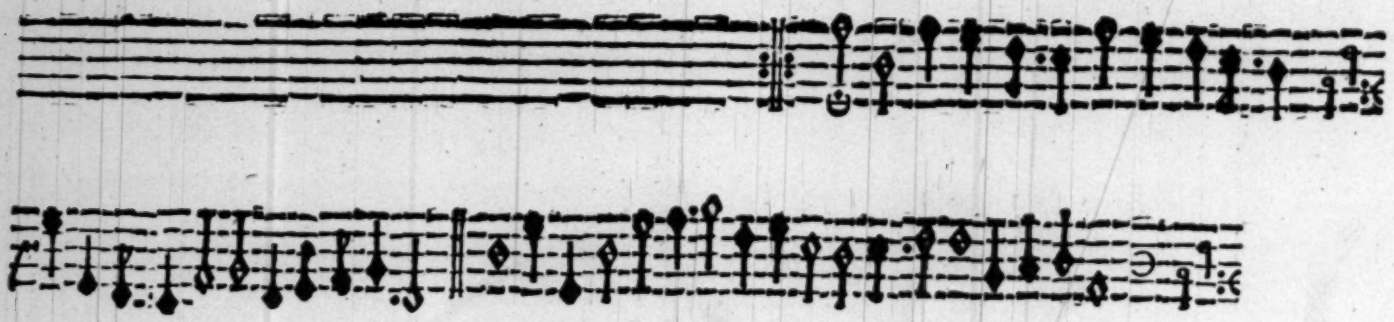
2 Well can they iudge of nappy Ale
And tell at large a Winter tale:
Climbe vp to the Apple loft,
And turne the Crabs till they be ſoft.
Tib is all the fathers ioy,
And little *Tom* the mothers boy:
All their pleaſure is content,
And care to pay their yearely rent.

3 *Ione* can call by name her Cowes,
And decke her windowes with greene boughes
She can wreathes and nuttyes make,
And trimme with plums a Bridall Cake.
Acke knowes what birds gaine or loſſe,
And his long Flaile can ſtoutly toſſe,
Make the hedge which others breake,
And ouer thinkes what he doth ſpeake.

4 Now you Courtly Dames and Knights,
That ſcorne ſimple countrey ſights,
Though you ſcorne the home-ſpun gray,
And reuell in your rich array,
Though your tongues diſſemble deepe,
And can ye cur heads from danger keepe;
Yet for all your pompe and traine,
Securer liues the ſilly Swaine.

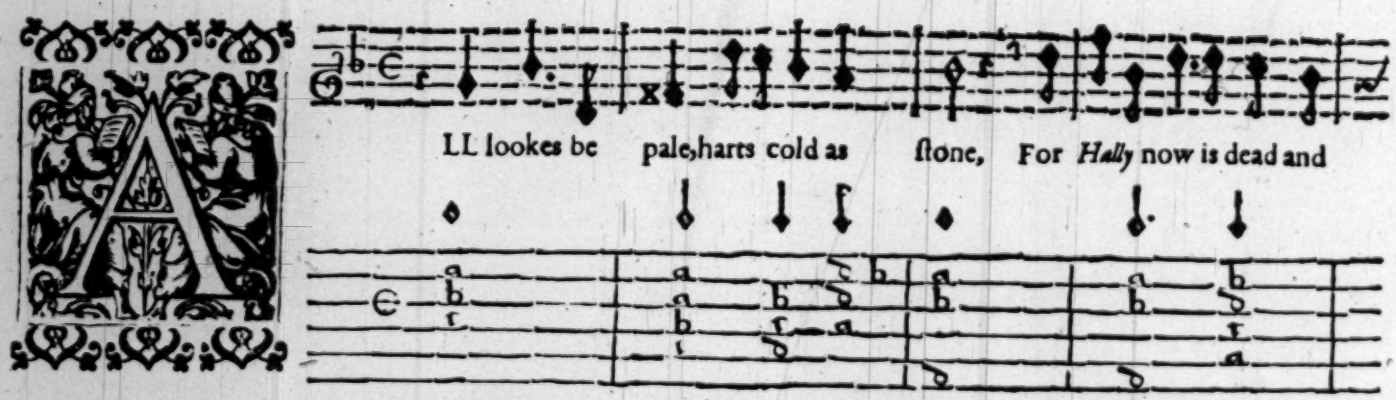
ALTVS.

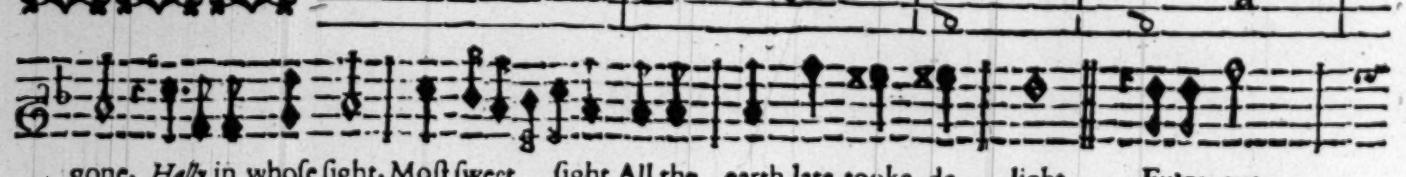


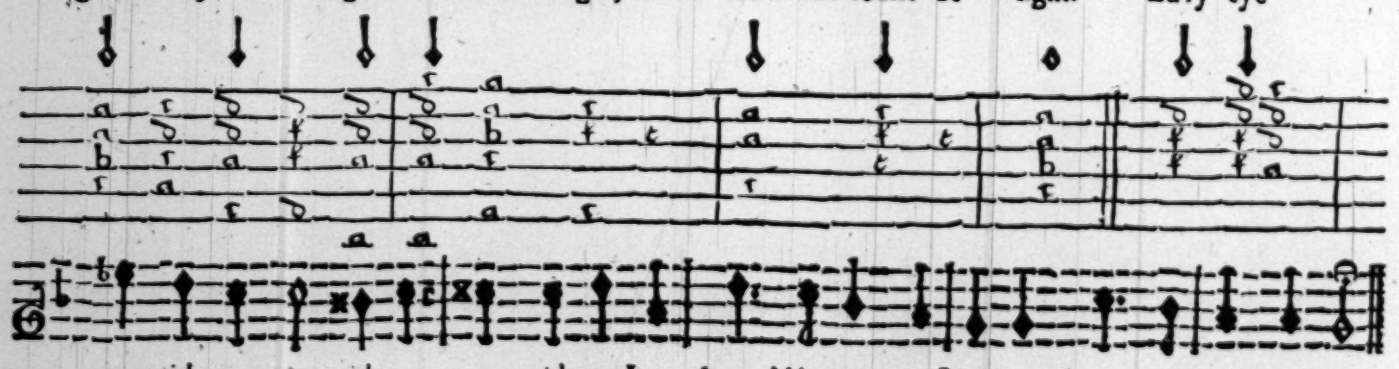


BASSVS.

CANTVS. XXI.







1 All lookes be pale, harts cold as stone,
For *Hally* now is dead, and gone,
Hally in whose sight,
Most sweet sight,
All the earth late tooke delight.
Eu'ry eye weepe with mee,
Ioyes drown'd in teares must be.

2 His Iu'ry skin, his comely hayre,
His Rosie cheekes so cleare, and faire:
Eyes that once did grace
His bright face,
Now in him all want their place.
Eyes and hearts weepe with mee,
For who so kinde as hee?

3 His youth was like an *April* flowre,
Adorn'd with beauty, loue, and powre,
Glory strow'd his way,
Whose wreaths gay
Now are all turn'd to decay.
Then againe weepe with mee,
None feele more cause then wee.

4 No more may his wisht sight returne,
His golden Lampe no more can burne;
Quencht is all his flame,
His hop't fame
Now hath left him nought but name.
For him all weepe with mee,
Since more him none shall see.

TO THE RIGHT
NOBLE, AND VERTVOVS,
HENRY Lord CLIFFORD, Sonne and Heyre to the Right Honourable, FRANCIS, Earle of CVMBERLAND.

SVch dayes as weare the badge of holy red,
Are for deuotion markt, and ſage delight;
The vulgar Low-dayes vndiſtinguiſhed,
Are left for labour, games, and ſportfull ſights.

This ſeu'rall and ſo diff'ring vſe of Time,
VVithin th'encloſure of one weeke wee finde,
VVhich I reſemble in my Notes and Rime,
Expreſſing both in their peculiar kinde.

Pure Hymnes, ſuch as the ſeauenth day loues, doe leade,
Graue age did iuſtly chalenge thoſe of mee:
Theſe weeke-day workes in order that ſucceede,
Your youth beſt fits, and yours yong Lord they be:
As hee is, who to them their beeing gaue,
If th'one, the other you of force muſt haue.

Your Honors,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

To the READER.

THat holy Hymnes with Louers cares are knit
Both in one Quire here, thou maiſt think't vnfit;
Why do'ſt not blame the Stationer as well,
Who in the ſame Shop ſets all ſorts to ſell?
Diuine with ſtiles prophane, graue ſhelu'd with vaine;
And ſome matcht worſe, yet none of him complaine.

CANTVS. I.

Vaine men whose follies make a God of Loue,
Prayse not what you de- sire, but what you proue,
Whose blindnesse beau- ty doth im- mortall deeme. I cannot call her true that's false to
Count those things good that are, not those that seeme.
me, Nor make of women more then women be.

1 Vaine men whose follies make a God of Loue,
Whose blindnesse beauty doth immortall deeme,
Prayse not what you desire, but what you proue,
Count those things good that are, not those that seeme.
I cannot call her true that's false to me,
Nor make of women more then women be.

2 How faire an entrance breakes the way to loue?
How rich of golden hops, and gay delight?
What hart cannot a modest beauty moue?
Who seeing cleare day once will dreame of night?
Shee seem'd a Saint that brake her faith with mee,
But prou'd a woman as all other be.

3 So bitter is their sweet, that true content
Vnhappy men in them may neuer finde,
Ah but without them none; both must consent,
Else vncouth are the ioyes of eyther kinde.
Let vs then prayse their good, forget their ill,
Men must be men, and women women still.

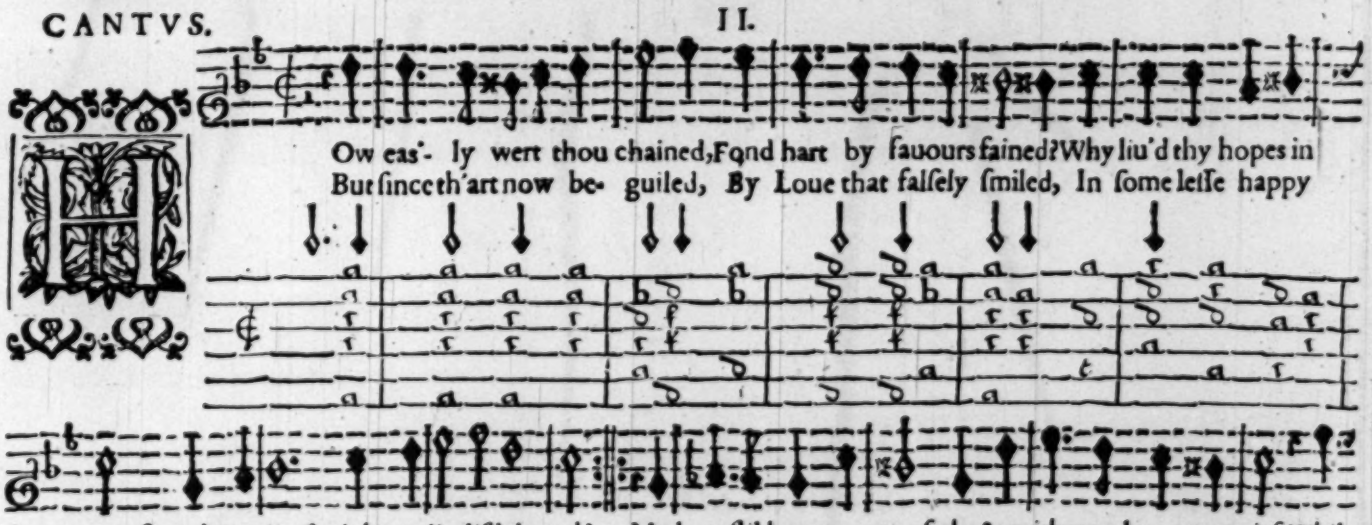
BASSVS.

Aine men whose follies make a God
Prayse not what you de- sire, but what
of Loue, Whose blind- nesse beau- ty doth im-
you proue, Count those things good that are, not
mor- tall deeme. I cannot call her true that's false to
those that seeme.

ALTVS.

Aine men whose follies make a God of Loue, Whose blindnesse beau-
Prayse not what you de- sire, but what you proue, Count those things good
dotb immortal deem. I cannot cal her true that's false to me, Nor make of women more the wo-
ar, not those that seem.

CANTVS.

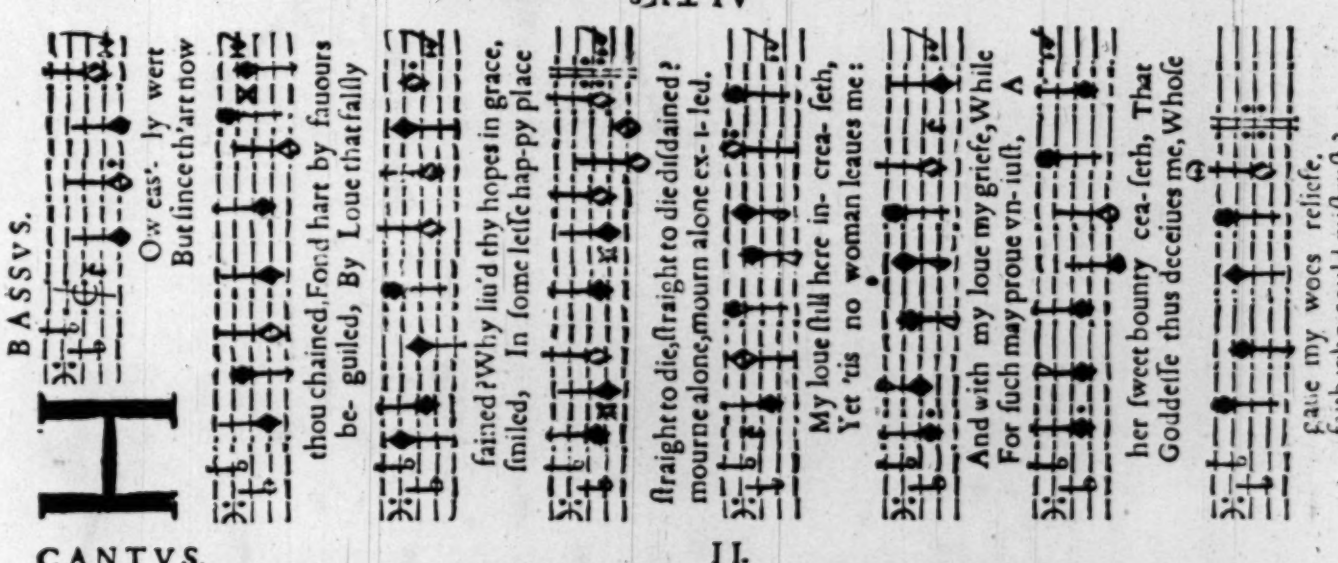


Ow eas'- ly wert thou chained, Fond hart by fauours fained? Why liu'd thy hopes in
But since th'art now be- guiled, By Loue that falsely smiled, In some lesse happy
grace, straight to die, straight to die disdai- ned? My loue still here en- crea-seth, & with my loue my grief, While
place, mourne alone, mourne alone ex- i- led. Yet 'tis no woman leaues me, for such may proue vn-iust, A
her sweet bounty cea-seth, That gaue my woes reliefe.
Goddesse thus deceiues me, Whose faith who could mistrust?

1. How eas'ly wert thou chained
Fond hart by fauours fained?
Why liu'd thy hopes in grace,
Straight to dye disdained?
But since th'art now beguiled
By Loue that falsely smiled:
In some lesse happy place
Mourne alone exiled.
My loue still here increaseth,
And with my loue my griefe,
While her sweet bounty ceaseth
That gaue my woes reliefe.
Yet 'tis no woman leaues me,
For such may proue vniust,
A Goddesse thus deceiues me
Whose faith who could mistrust?

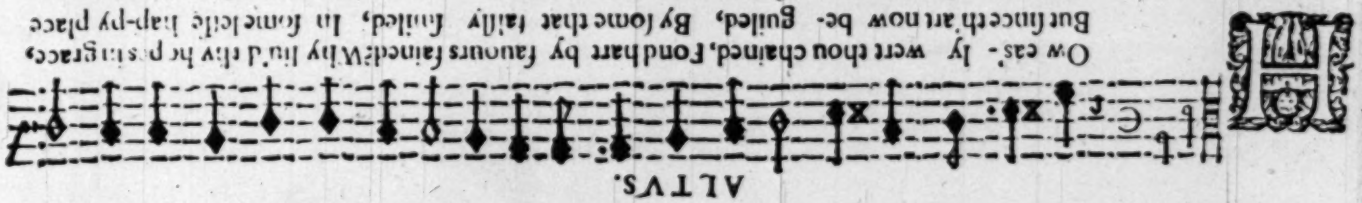
2. A Goddesse so much graced,
That Paradice is placed
In her most heau'nly brest,
Once by loue embraced;
But loue that so kinde proued
Is now from her remoued,
Nor will he longer rest
Where no faith is loued.
If Powres Celestiall wound vs,
And will not yeeld relieue,
Wo thē must needs confound vs,
For none can cure our griefe.
No wonder if I languish
Through burden of my smart,
It is no common anguish
From Paradice to part.

BASSVS.



Ow eas'- ly wert thou chained, Fond hart by fauours fained? Why liu'd thy hopes in grace, straight to die disdained? My loue still here in- crea- seth, My loue still here en- crea- seth, That gaue my woes reliefe,
But since th'art now be- guiled, By Loue that falsly smiled, In some lesse hap-py place mourne alone exiled. My loue still here in- crea- seth, Yet 'tis no woman leaues me: For such may proue vn- iust, A Goddesse thus deceiues me, Whose faith who could mistrust?

ALTVS.



Ow eas'- ly wert thou chained, Fond hart by fauours fained? Why liu'd thy hopes in grace, straight to die disdained? My loue still here en- crea- seth, & with my loue my griefe, While
But since th'art now be- guiled, By Loue that falsly smiled, In some lesse hap-py place mourne alone exiled. Yet 'tis no woman leaues me, for such may proue vn- iust, A
her sweet bounty cea- seth, That gaue my woes reliefe.
Goddesse thus deceiues me, Whose faith who could mistrust?

BASSVS.

Ar- den now thy ty- red hart with more then flin- ty rage;
Once true hap- py daies thou saw'st, when shee stood firme & kinde:
teares hence-forth thy constant griefe as- swage. But now those bright houres be fled, and neuer may returne:
forth thy constant griefe af- swage. But now those bright
held one eare, one tounge, one minde.
houres be fled, and neuer may returne: What then re-
maines, but her, but her vntruths to mourne?

1 Harden now thy tyred hart with more then flinty rage;
Ne'er let her false teares henceforth thy constant griefe aswage.
Once true happy dayes thou saw'st, when shee stood firme and kinde:
Both as one then liu'd, and held one care, one tongue, one minde.
But now those bright houres be fled, and neuer may returne:
What then remaines, but her vntruths to mourne?

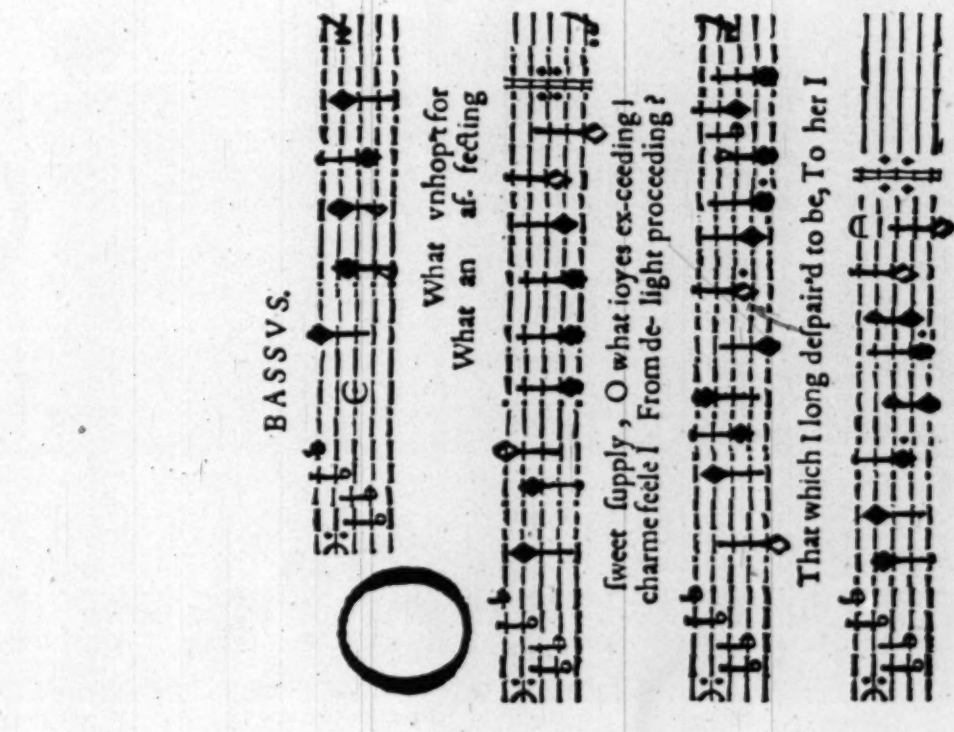
2 Silly Troy-tresse who shall now thy careles tresses place?
Who thy pretty talke supply? whose care thy musicke grace?
Who shall thy bright eyes admire? what lips triumph with thine?
Day by day who'll visit thee, and say th'art onely mine?
Such a time there was God wot, but such shall neuer be,
Too oft I feare thou wilt remember me.

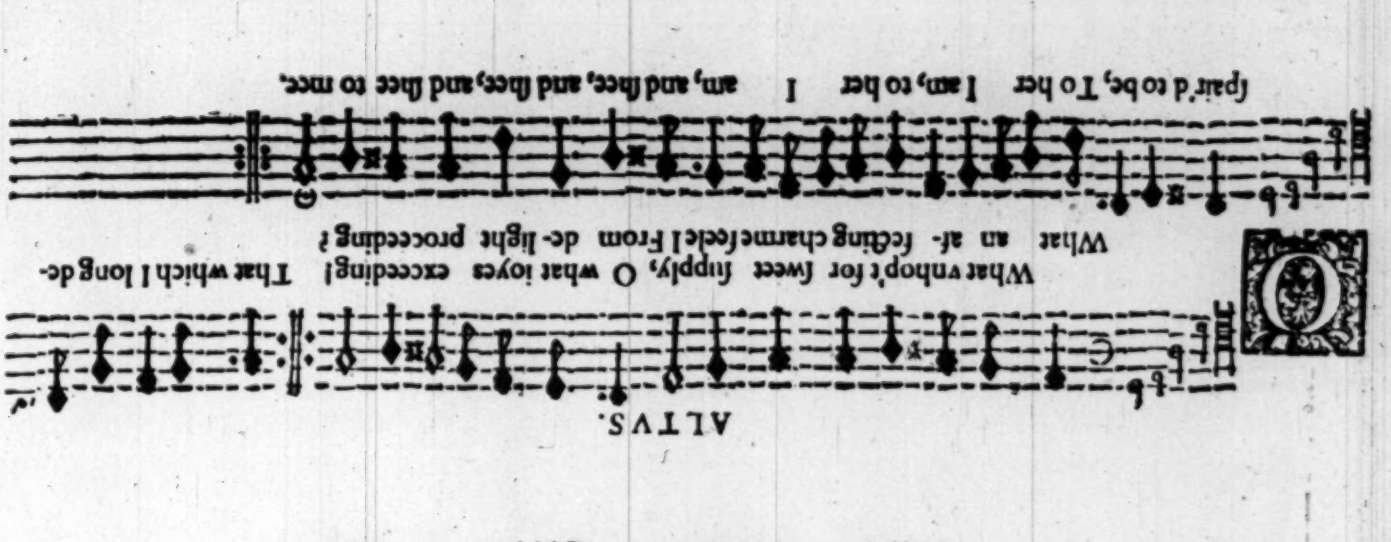
CONTRATENOR.

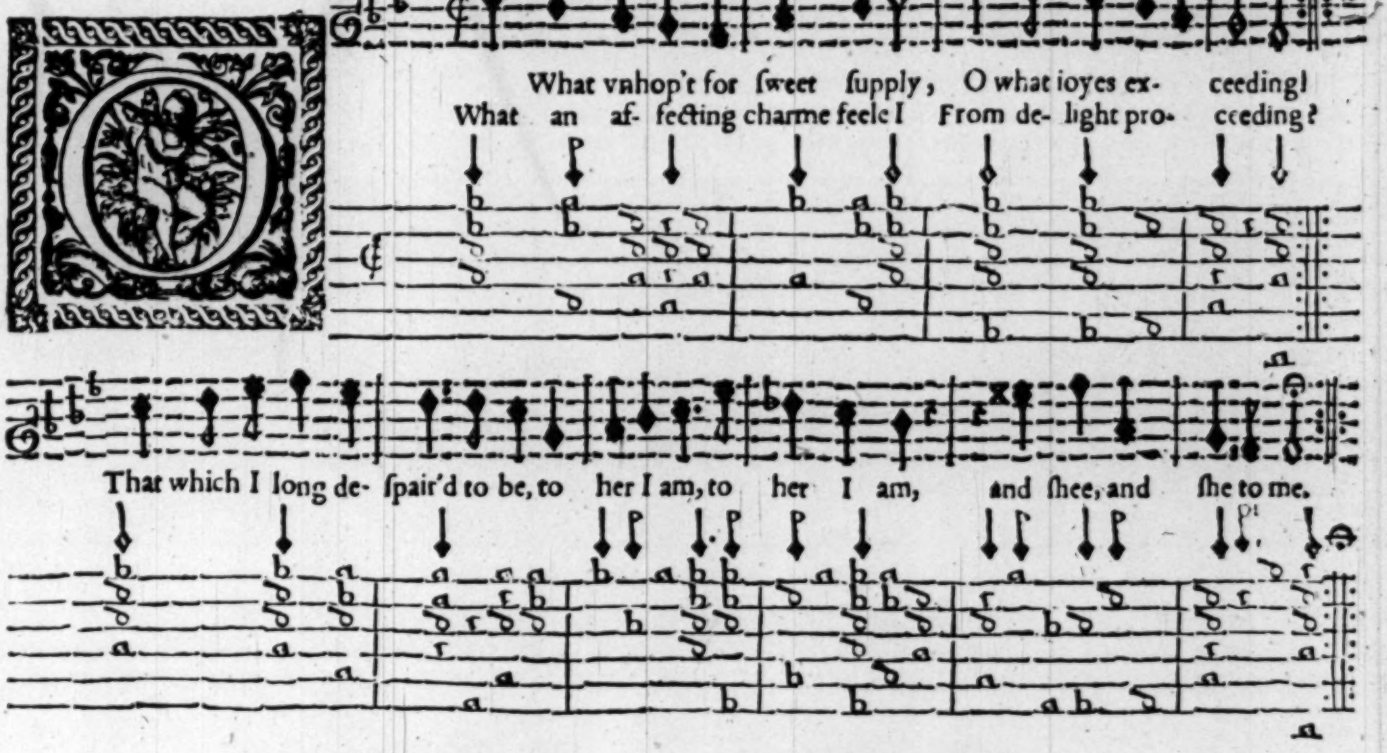
Ar- den now thy ty- red hart with more then flin- ty rage; Ne're let her false teares hence-
Once true hap-py daies thou saw'st, when she stood firme and kinde: Both as one then liu'd, and
forth thy constant griefe af- fwage. But now thofe bright houres be fled and neuer may returne,
held one care, one tongue, one minde.
What then remaines but her vntruths to mourne?

CANTVS. III.

Ar- den now thy ty- red hart, with more then flin- ty rage; Ne're let her falſe
Once true hap- py daies thou ſaw'ſt, when ſhee ſtood firme & kinde: Both as one then
teares hence-forth thy conſtant griefe aſ- ſwage. But now thoſe bright houres be fled, and neuer may returne,
liu'd and held one eare, one tongue, one minde.
What then re- maynes, but her vntruths to mourne?

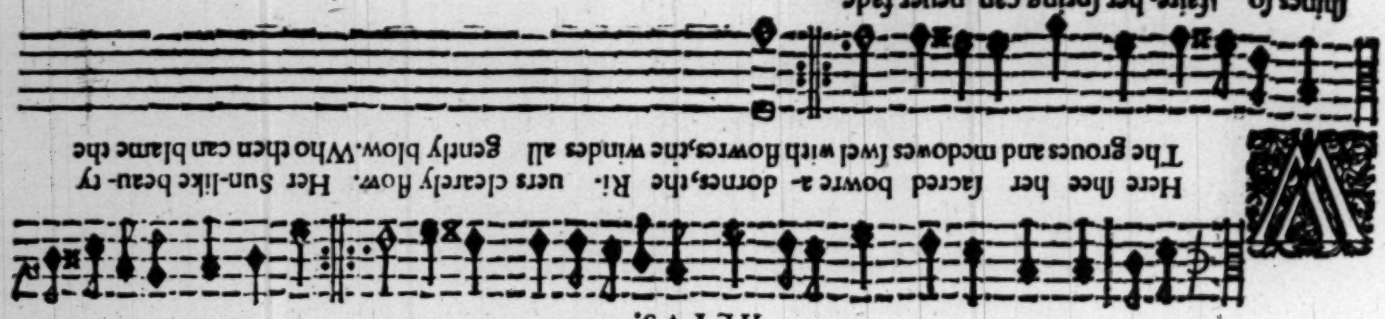






1 O what vnhop't for ſweet ſupply!
O what ioyes exceeding!
What an affecting charme feele I
From delight proceeding?
That which I long deſpair'd to be,
To her I am, and ſhee to mee.

2 Shee that alone in cloudy griefe
Long to mee appeared;
Shee now alone with bright reliefe,
All thoſe clouds hath cleared.
Both are immortall, and diuine,
Since I am hers, and ſhe is mine.



CANTVS.

V.

1 Where shee her sacred bowre adornes
The Riuers clearely flow:
The groues and medowes swell with flowres,
The windes all gently blow.
Her Sunne-like beauty shines so fayre
Her Spring can neuer fade:
Who then can blame the life that striues
To harbour in her shade?

2 Her grace I sought, her loue I wooed;
Her loue though I obtaine,
No time, no toyle, no vow, no faith
Her wished grace can gaine.
Yet truth can tell my heart is hers,
And her will I adore:
And from that loue when I depart
Let heau'n view me no more.

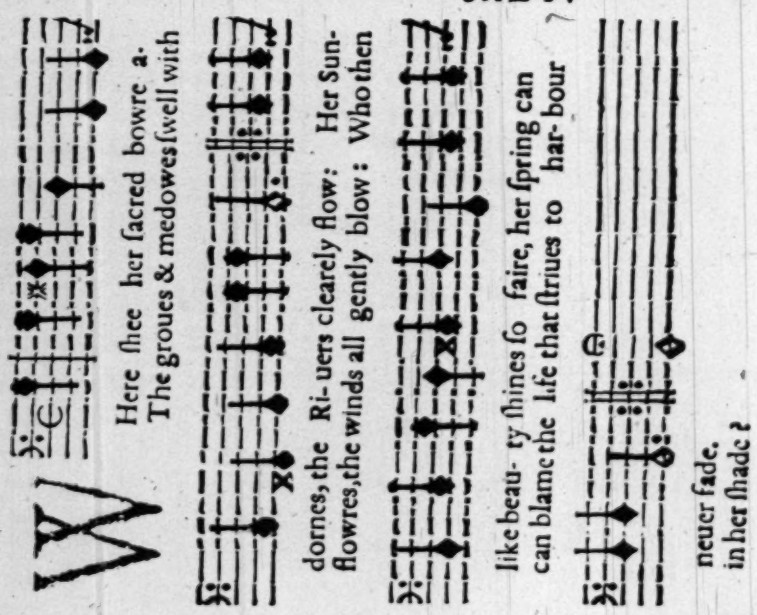
3 Her roses with my prayes shall spring,
And when her trees I praise,
Their boughs shall blossome, mellow fruit
Shall straw her pleasant wayes.
The words of harty zeale haue powre
High wonders to effect;
O why should then her Princely eare
My words, or zeale neglect?

4 If shee my faith misdeemes, or worth,
Woe-worth my hapless fare:
For though time can my truth reueale,
That time will come too late.
And who can glory in the worth,
That cannot yeeld him grace?
Content in eu'ry thing is not,
Nor ioy in eu'ry place.

5 But from her bowre of Ioy since I
Must now excluded be:
And shee will not relieue my cares
Which none can helpe but shee:
My comfort in her loue shall dwell,
Her loue lodge in my brest;
And though not in her bowre, yet I
Shall in her temple rest.

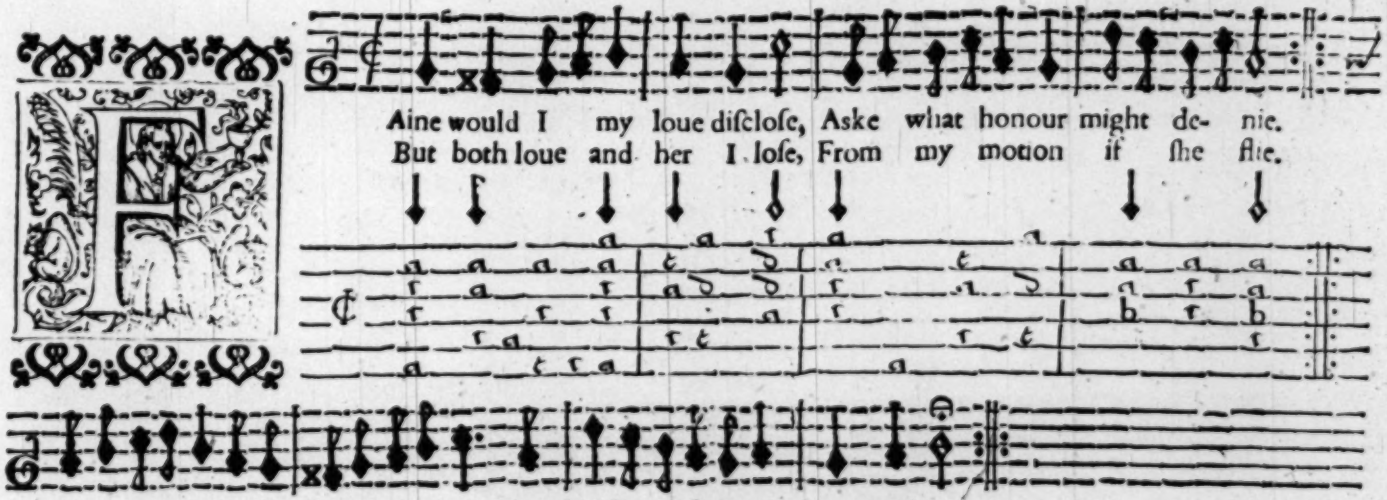
ALTVS.

BASSVS.



CANTVS.

VI.



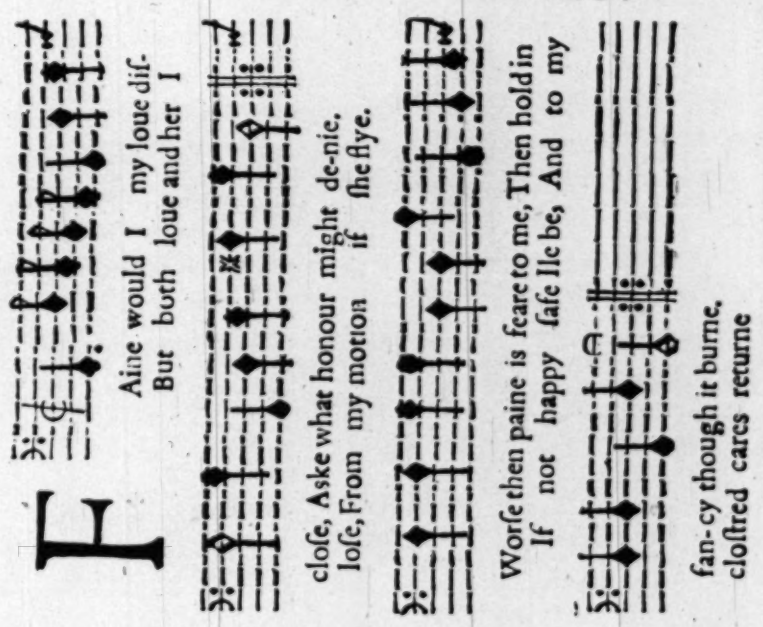
1 Faine would I my loue diſcloſe,
Aske what honour might denye;
But both loue and her I loſe,
From my motion if ſhee flye.
Worſe then paine is feare to mee,
Then hold in fancy though it burne;
If not happy, ſafe Ile be,
And to my cloſtred cares returne.

2 Yet, ô yet in vaine I ſtriue
To repreſſe my ſchool'd deſire,
More and more the flames reuiue,
I conſume in mine owne fire.
She would pitty might ſhee know
The harmes that I for her endure:
Speake then, and get comfort ſo,
A wound long hid growes moſt recure.

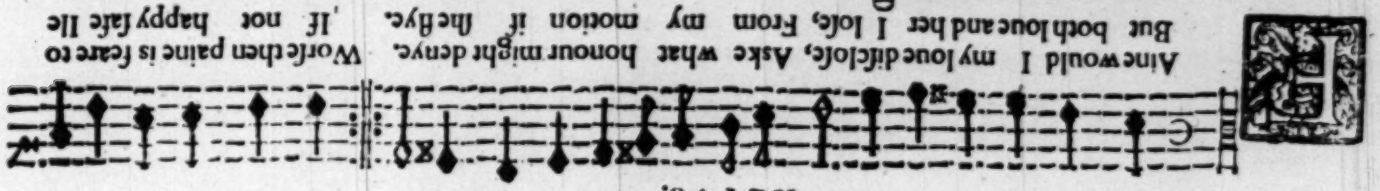
3 Wiſe ſhee is, and needs muſt know
All th'attempts that beauty moues:
Fayre ſhe is, and honour'd ſo,
That ſhe ſure hath tryed ſome loues.
If with loue I tempt her then,
'Tis but her due to be deſir'd:
What would women thinke of men,
If their deſerts were not admir'd?

4 Women courted haue the hand
To diſcard what they diſtaſte;
But thoſe Dames whom none demand,
Want oft what their wils imbrac't.
Could their firmneſſe iron excell,
As they are faire they ſhould be ſought;
When true theeues vſe falſehood well,
As they are wiſe they will be caught.

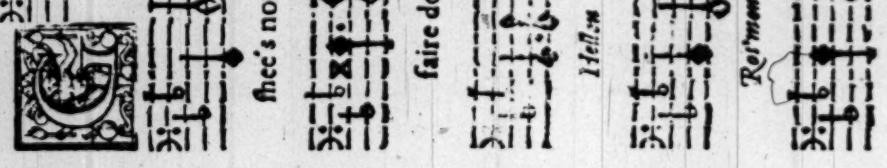
BASSVS.



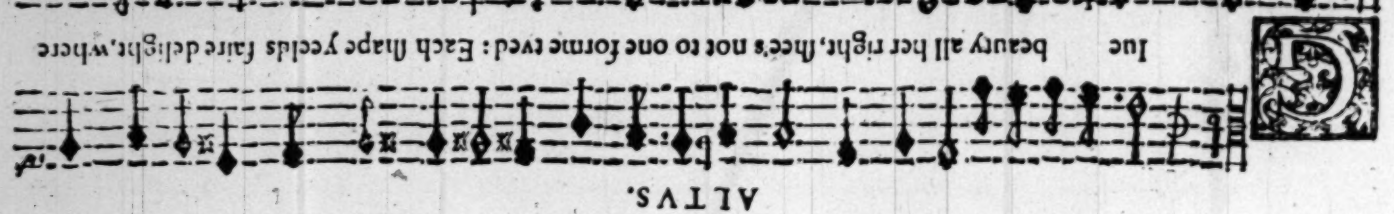
ALTVS.



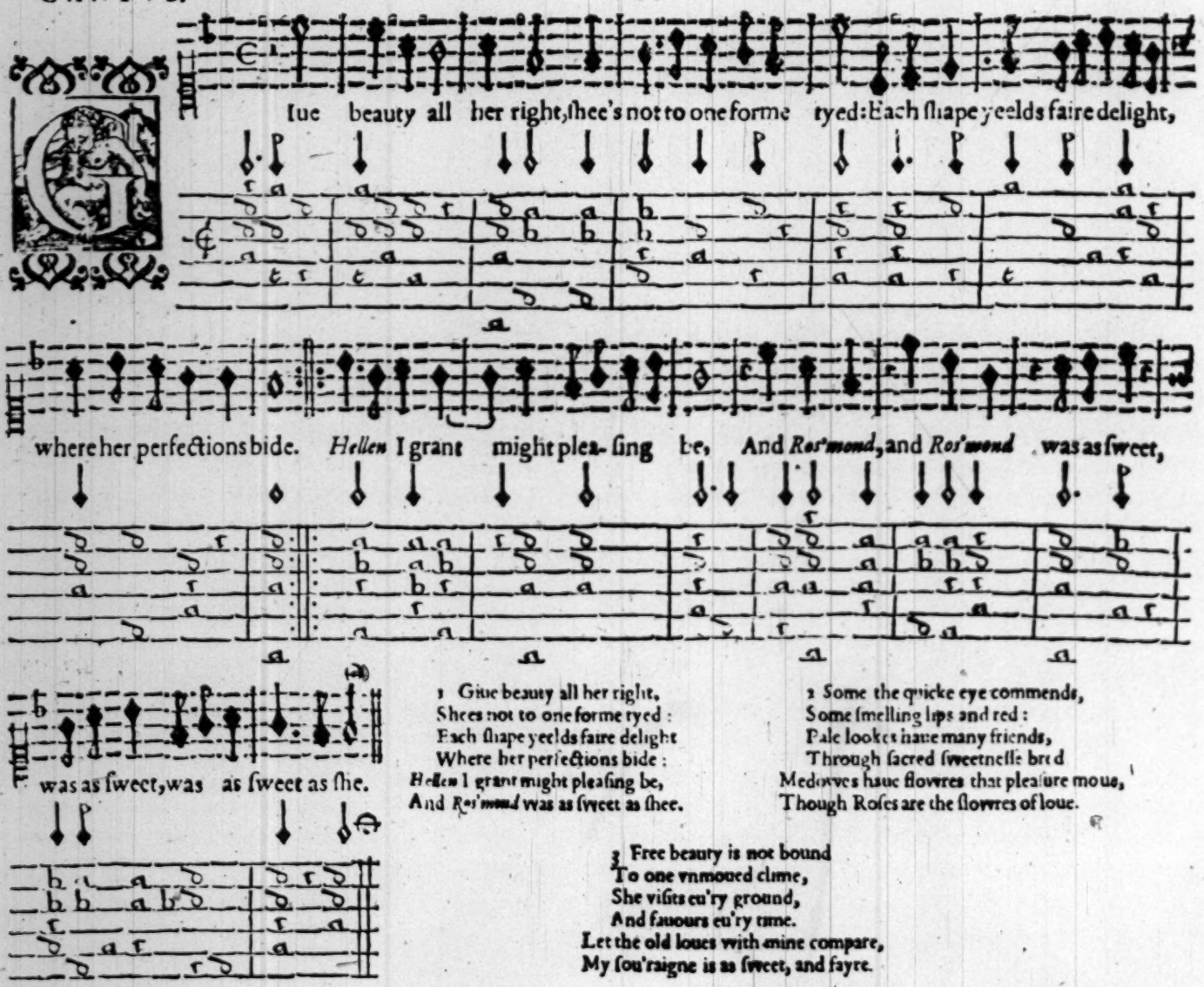
BASSVS.



ALTVS.



CANTVS. VII.



1 Giue beauty all her right,
Shees not to one forme tyed:
Each shape yeelds faire delight
Where her perfections bide:
Hellen I grant might pleasing be,
And *Ros'mond* was as sweet as shee.

2 Some the quicke eye commends,
Some smelling lips and red:
Pale lookes haue many friends,
Through sacred sweetnesse bred
Medowes haue flowres that pleasure moue,
Though Roses are the flowres of loue.

3 Free beauty is not bound
To one vnmoued clime,
She visits eu'ry ground,
And fauours eu'ry time.
Let the old loues with mine compare,
My sou'raigne is as sweet, and fayre.

CANTVS.

Deare that I with thee might liue, From humane trace re- moued :
Where iea- lous care might neyther grieue, Yet each dote on their loued.

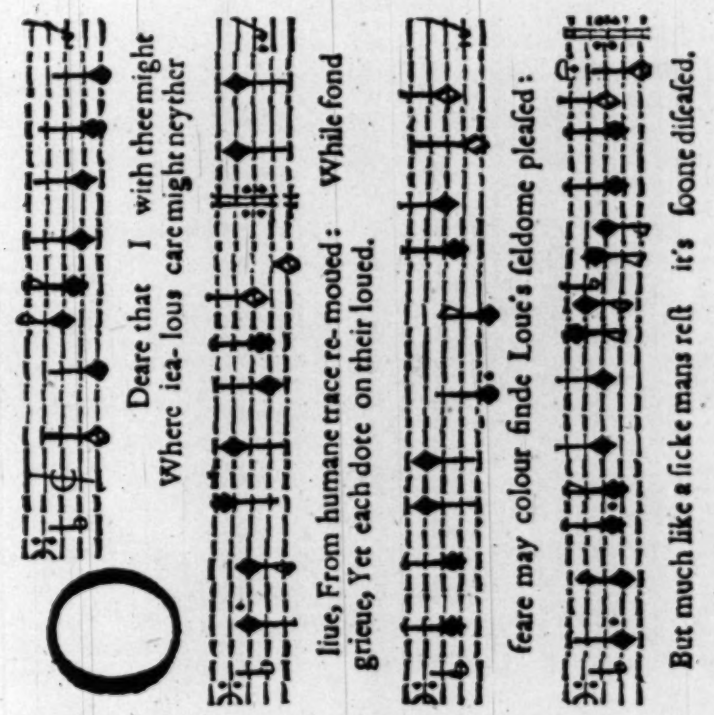
While fond feare may co- lour finde, Loue's seldome pleased: But much like a sicke mans rest it's soone diseased.

1 O deare that I with thee might liue,
From humane trace remoued :
Where iealous care might neither grieue,
Yet each dote on their loued.
While fond feare may colour finde Loue's seldome pleased :
But much like a sicke mans rest it's soone diseased.

2 Why should our mindes not mingle so,
When loue and faith is plighted :
That eyther might the others know,
Alike in all delighted ?
Why should frailtie breed suspect when hearts are fixed ?
Must all humane ioyes of force with griefe be mixed ?

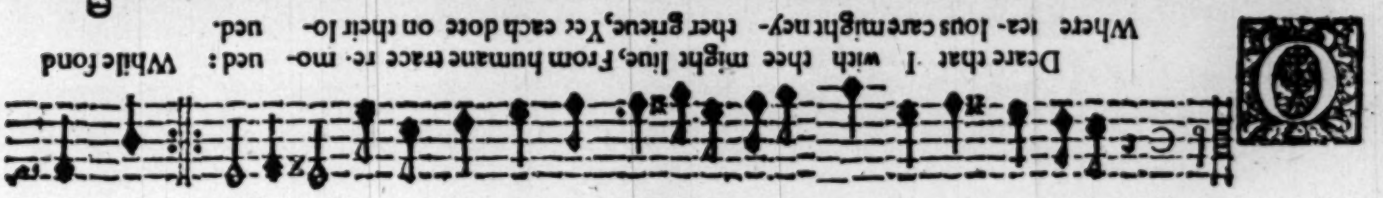
3 How oft haue wee eu'n smilde in teares
Our fond mistrust repenting ?
As snow when beau'nly fire appeares,
So melts loues hate relenting.
Vexed kindnesse soone fals off, and soone returneth :
Such a flame the more you quench the more it burneth.

BASSVS.

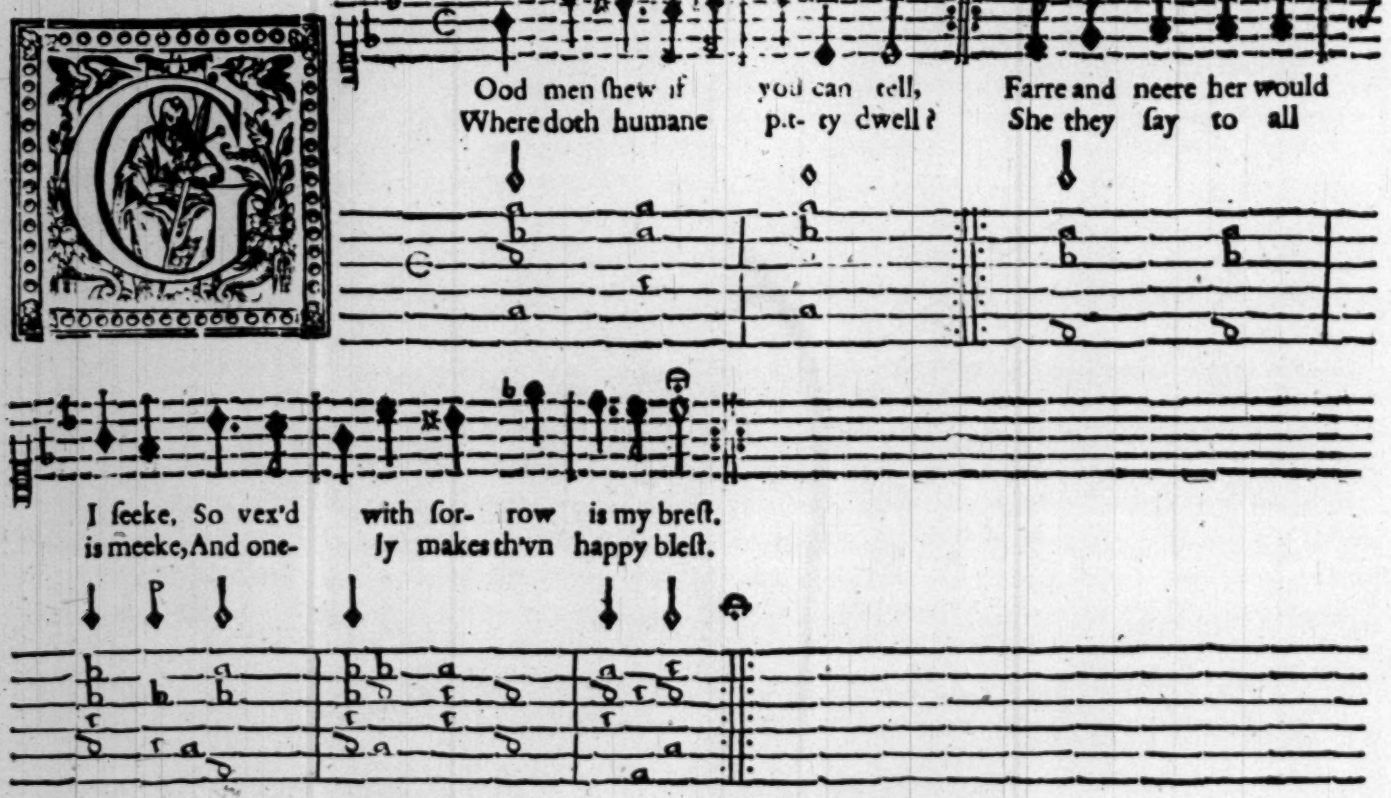


Deare that I with thee might liue, From humane trace re-moued : While fond
Where iea- lous care might neyther grieue, Yet each dote on their loued.
feare may colour finde Loue's seldome pleased :
But much like a sicke mans rest it's soone diseased.

ALTVS.



Deare that I with thee might liue, From humane trace re- moued : While fond
Where iea- lous care might neyther grieue, Yet each dote on their loued.
feare may colour finde Loue's seldome plea- sed : But much like a sicke mans rest it's soone disea- sed.



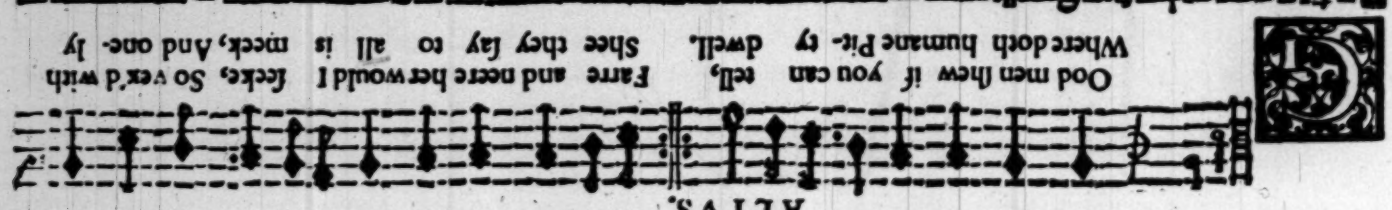
1 Good men ſhew, if you can tell,
Where doth humane pittie dwell?
Farre and neere her would I ſeeke,
So vext with ſorrow is my breſt,
She (they ſay) to all is meeke,
And onely makes th'vnhappie bleſt.

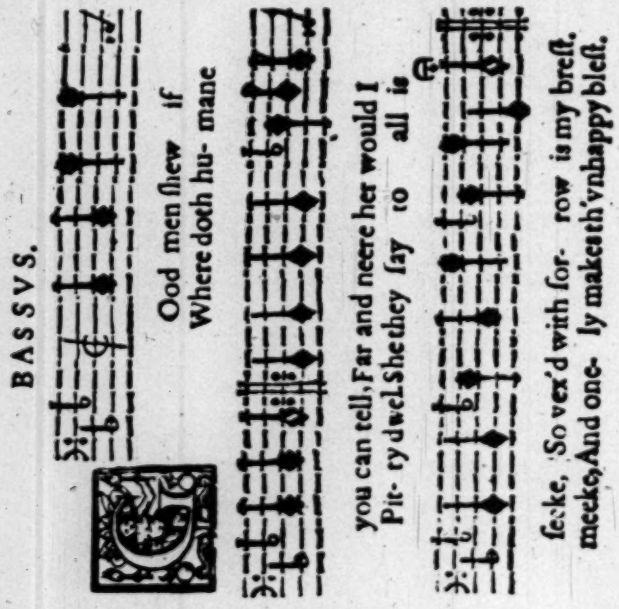
2 Oh! if ſuch a Saint there be,
Some hope yet remaines for me:
Prayer or ſacrifice may gaine
From her implored grace reliefe,
To releaſe mee of my paine,
Or at the leaſt to eaſe my griefe.

3 Young am I, and farre from guile,
The more is my woe the while:
Falſhood with a ſmooth diſguiſe
My ſimple meaning hath abus'd,
Caſting miſts before mine eyes,
By which my ſenſes are confus'd.

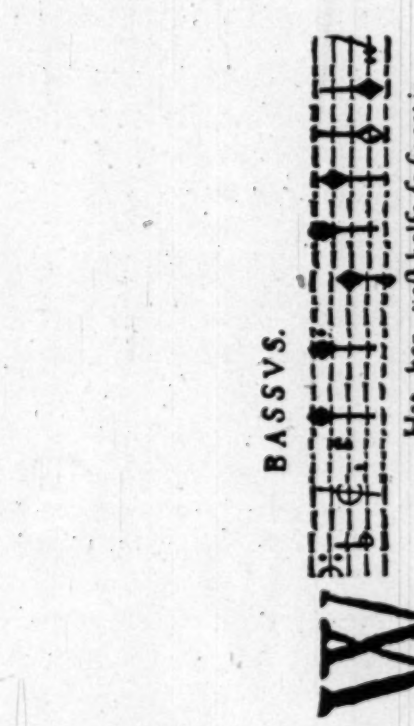
4 Faire he is who vow'd to me,
That he onely mine would be:
But alas, his minde is caught
With ev'ry gaudie bait he ſees.
And too late my flame is taught
That too much kindneſſe makes men freeſe.

5 From me all my friends are gone,
While I pine for him alone,
And not one will rue my caſe,
But rather my diſtreſſe deride,
That I thinke there is no place
Where pitie euer yet did bide.

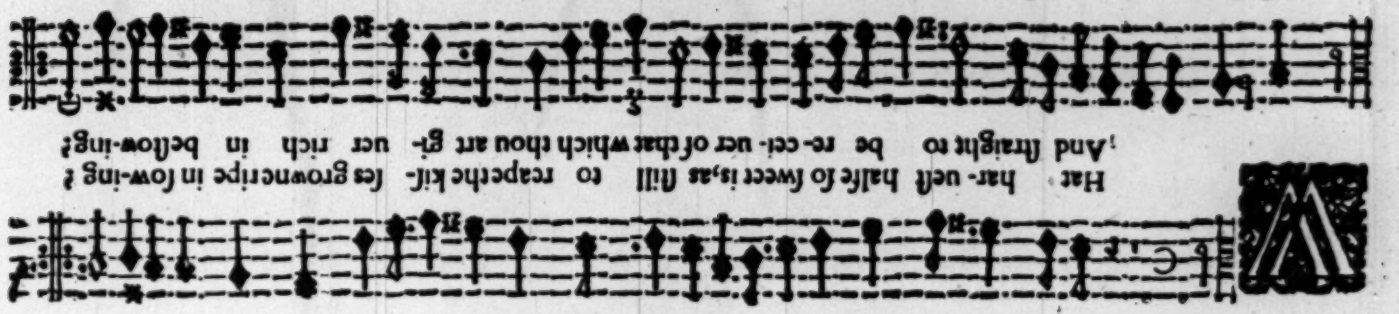




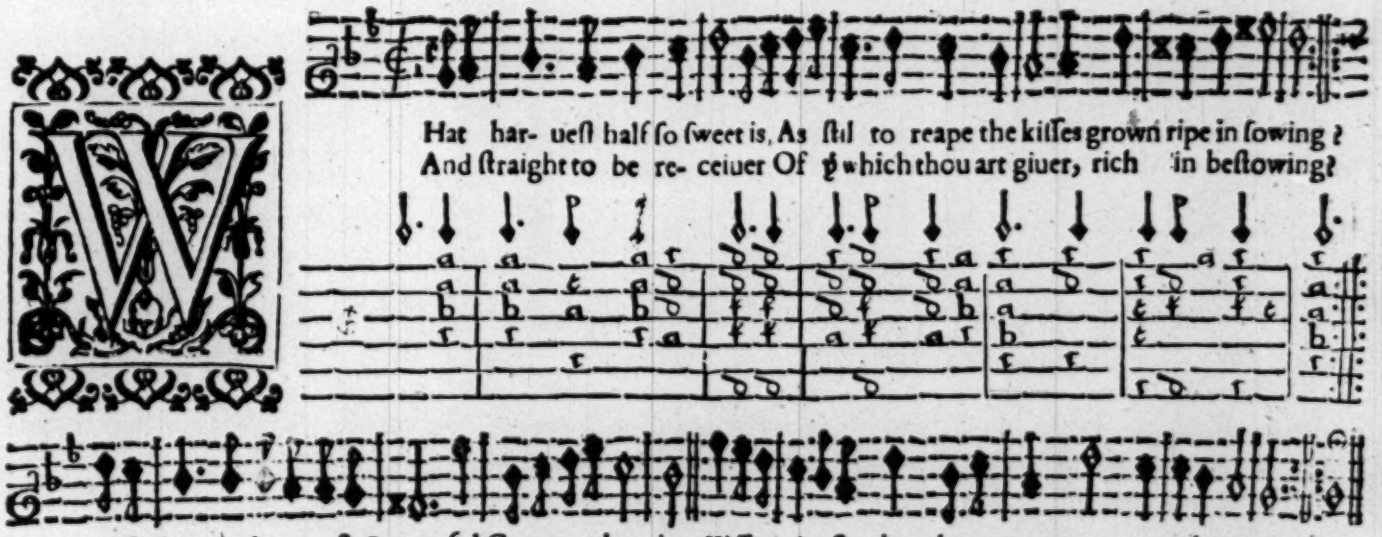
BASSVS.



ALTVS.



CANTVS. X.



1 What harueſt halfe ſo ſweet is,
As ſtill to reape the kiſſes
Growne ripe in ſowing?
And ſtraight to be receiuer
Of that which thou art giuer,
Rich in beſtowing?
Kiſſe then my harueſt Queene,
full garners heaping;
Kiſſes ripeſt when th' are greene,
want onely reaping.

2 The Doue alone expreſſes
Her feruencie in kiſſes,
Of all moſt louing:
A creature as offenceleſſe,
As thoſe things that are ſenceleſſe,
And void of mouing.
Let vs ſo loue and kiſſe,
Though all enuie vs:
That which kinde, and harmeleſſe is,
None can denie vs.

Weet exclude mee not, nor be de- ui- ded From him that ere long muſt
All thy mayden doubts law hath de- ci- ded, Sure wee are, and I muſt

bed thee : Preſume then yet a little more, yet a little more, yet a little more, yet a lit- tle more.
wed thee.

Here's the way, the way, the way, barre not the dore.

BASSVS.

Weet exclude mee not, nor be diuided
All thy mayden doubts law hath decided;

From him that ere long muſt bed thee : Preſume then
Sure wee are, and I muſt wed thee.

yet a little more, yet a little more, yet a little more, a

little more. Here here's the way, the way, bar not the dore.

1 Sweet exclude mee not, nor be divided
From him that ere long muſt bed thee :
All thy maiden doubts Law hath decided ;
Sure wee are, and I muſt wed thee.
Preſume then yet a little more,
Here's the way, barre not the dore.

2 Tenants to fulfill their Land-lords pleaſure
Pay their rent before the quarter :
'Tis my caſe, if you it rightly meaſure,
Put mee not then off with laughter.
Conſider then a little more,
Here's the way to all my ſtore.

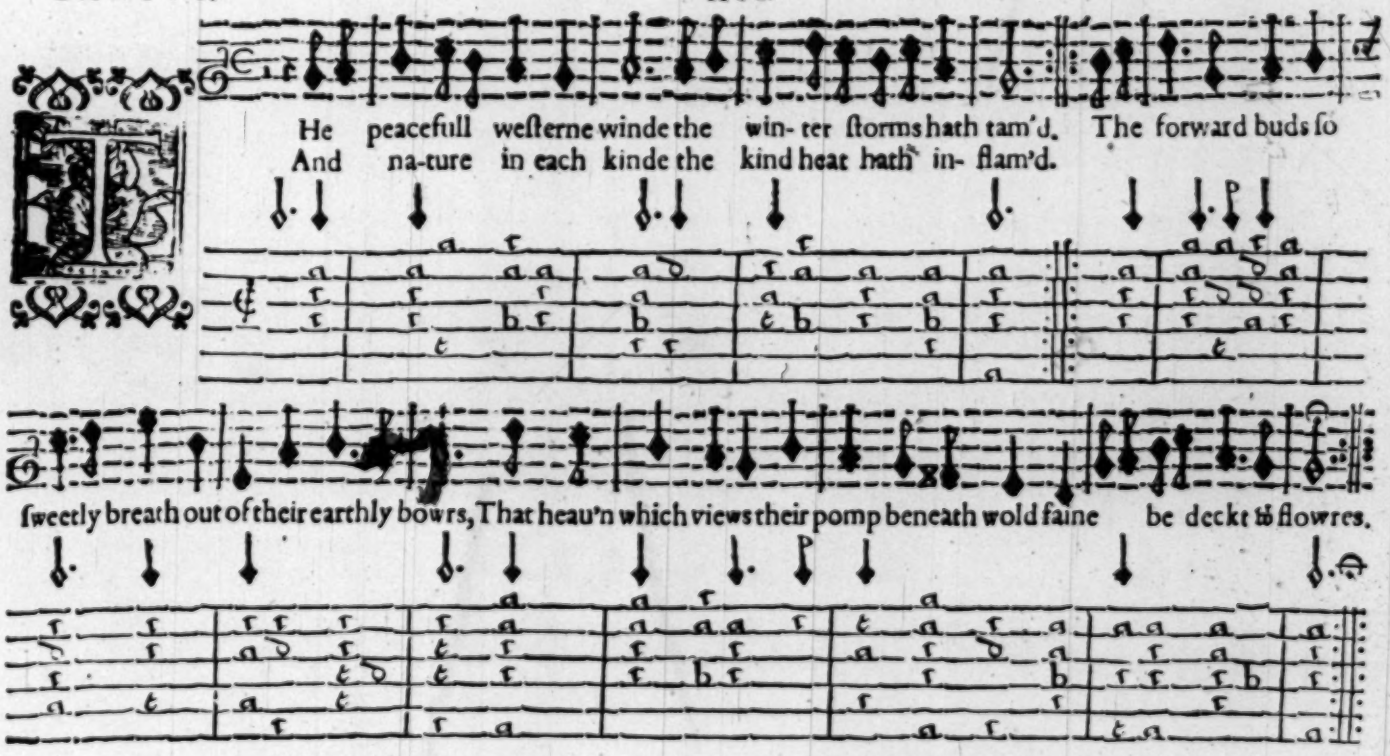
3 Why were dores in loues deſpight deuiſed ?
Are not Lawes enough reſtraynings ?
Women are moſt apt to be ſurpriſed
Sleeping, or ſleepe wiſely fayning.
Then grace me yet a little more,
Here's the way, barre not the dore.

ALTVS.

Weet excludeme not, nor be di- uided From him that ere long muſt bed thee : Preſume
All thy maiden doubts law hath de- cided, Sure wee are, and I muſt wed thee.

thē yet a litle more, yet a litle more, yet a litle more, a litle more. Here's the way, the way, the way, bar not the dore.

CANTVS.



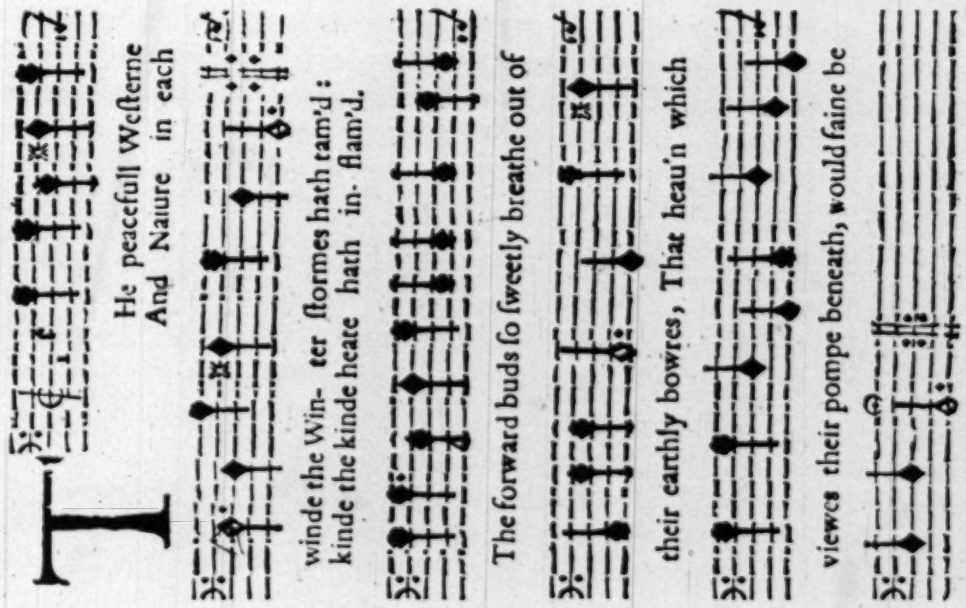
1 The peacefull westerne winde
The winter stormes hath tam'd,
And nature in each kinde
The kinde heat hath inflam'd.
The forward buds so sweetly breathe
Out of their earthy bowers,
That heav'n which viewes their pompe beneath,
Would faine be deckt with flowers.

2 See how the morning smiles
On her bright easterne hill,
And with soft steps beguiles
Them that lie slumbring still.
The musicke-louing birds are come
From cliffes and rockes vnknowne;
To see the trees and briers bloome,
That late were ouer-flowne.

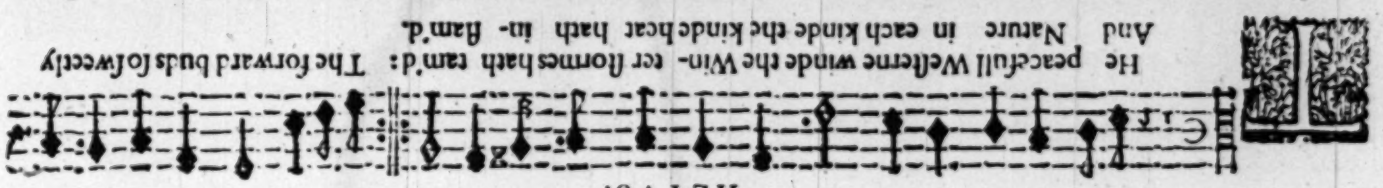
3 What Saturne did destroy,
Loues Queene restues againe;
And now her naked boy
Doth in the fields remaine:
Where he such pleasing change doth view
In ev'ry liuing thing,
As if the world were borne anew,
To gratifie the Spring.

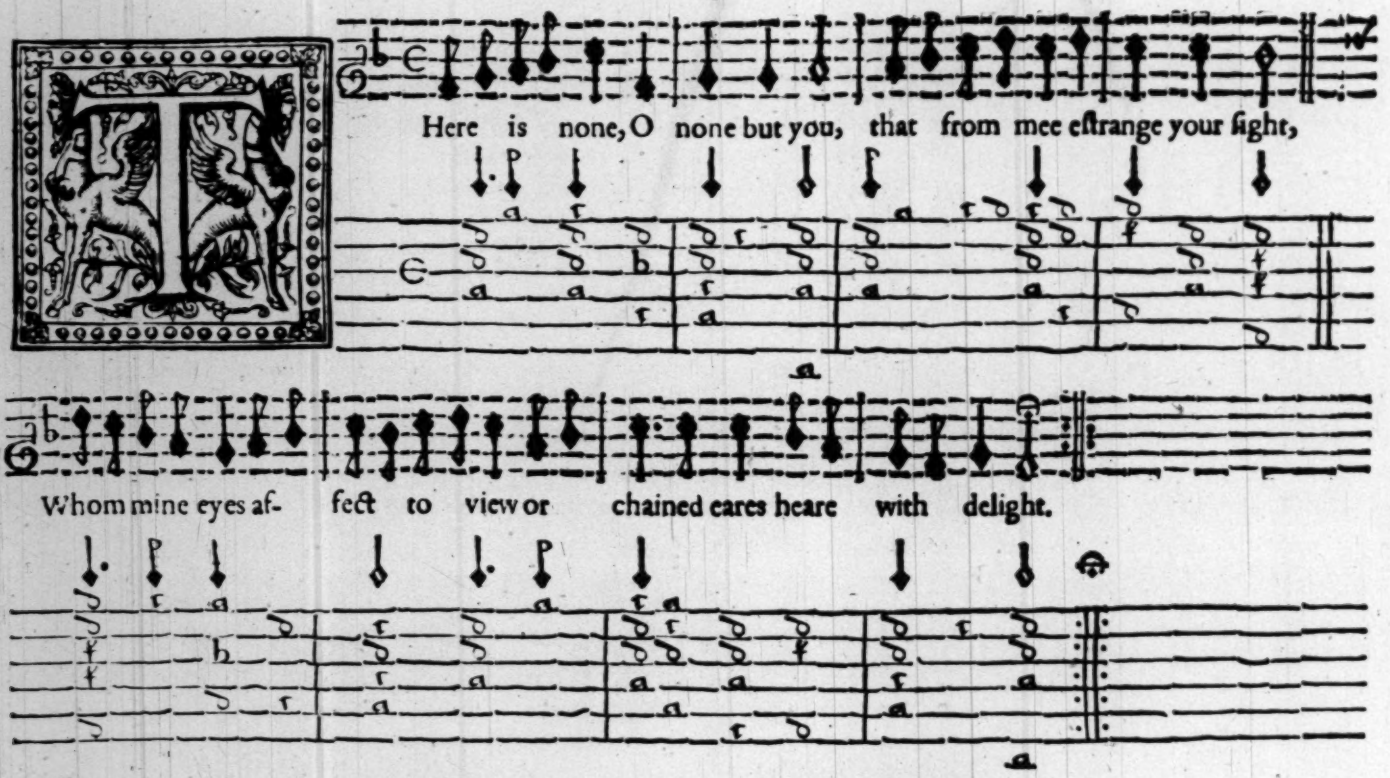
4 If all things life present,
Why die my comforts then?
Why suffers my content?
Am I the worst of men?
O beautie, be not thou accus'd
Too iustly in this case:
Vnkindly if true loue be vs'd.
'Twill yeeld thee little grace.

BASSVS.



ALTVS.





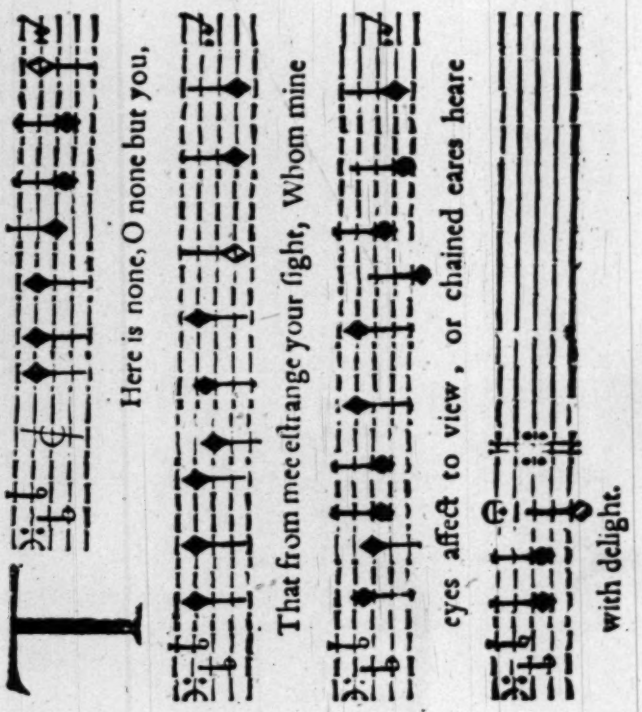
1 There is none, O none but you
That from mee eſtrange your ſight,
Whom mine eyes affect to view,
Or chained eares heare with delight.

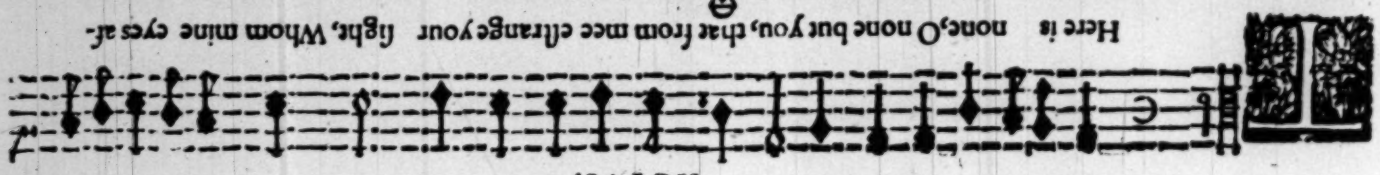
2 Other beauties others moue,
In you I all graces finde:
Such is the effect of loue,
To make them happy that are kinde.

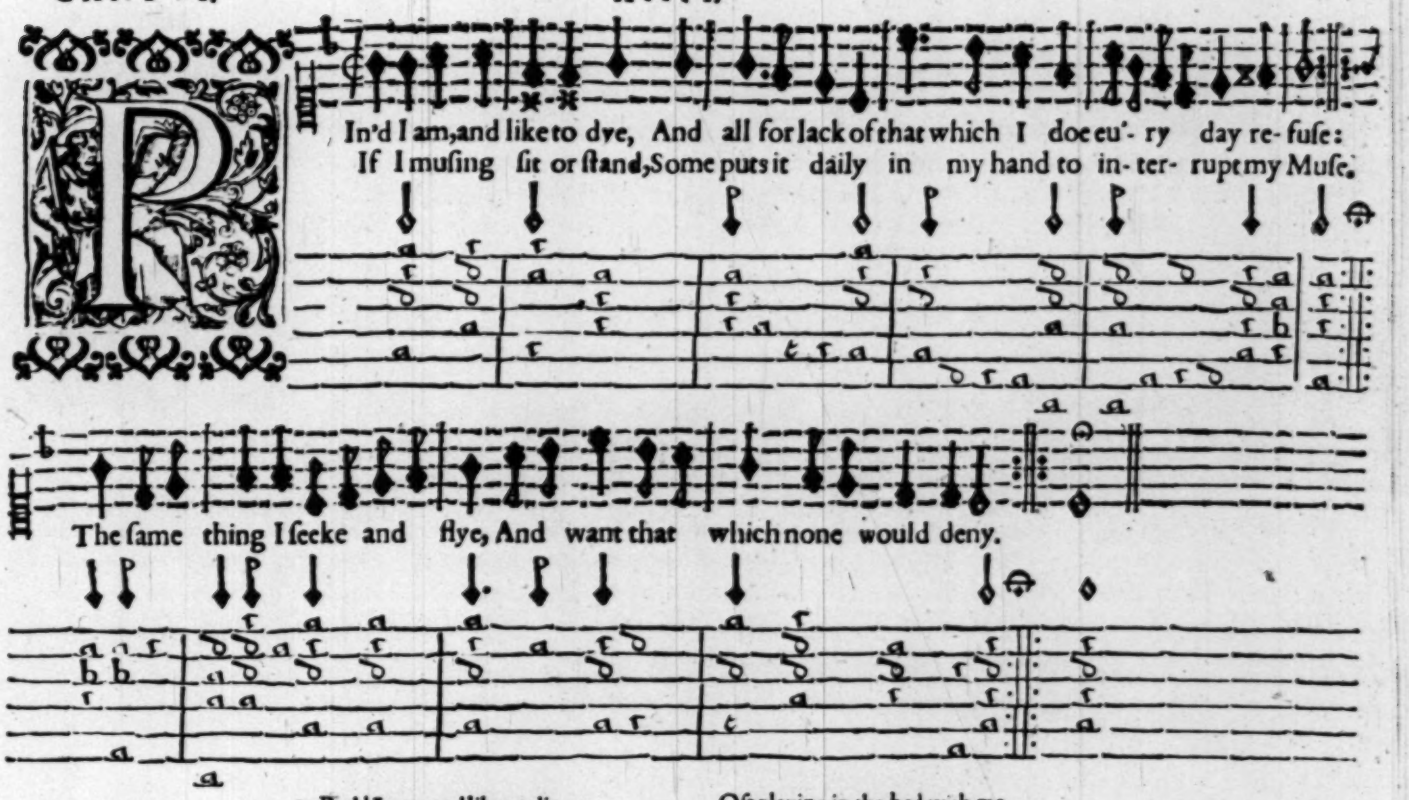
3 Women in fraile beauty truſt,
Onely ſeeme you faire to mee,
Yet proue truely kinde and iuſt,
For that may not diſſembled be.

4 Sweet afford mee then your ſight,
That ſurueying all your lookes,
Endleſſe volumes I may write,
And fill the world with enuyed bookes.

5 Which when after ages view,
All ſhall wonder, and deſpaire,
Woman to finde man ſo true,
Or man a woman halfe ſo faire.





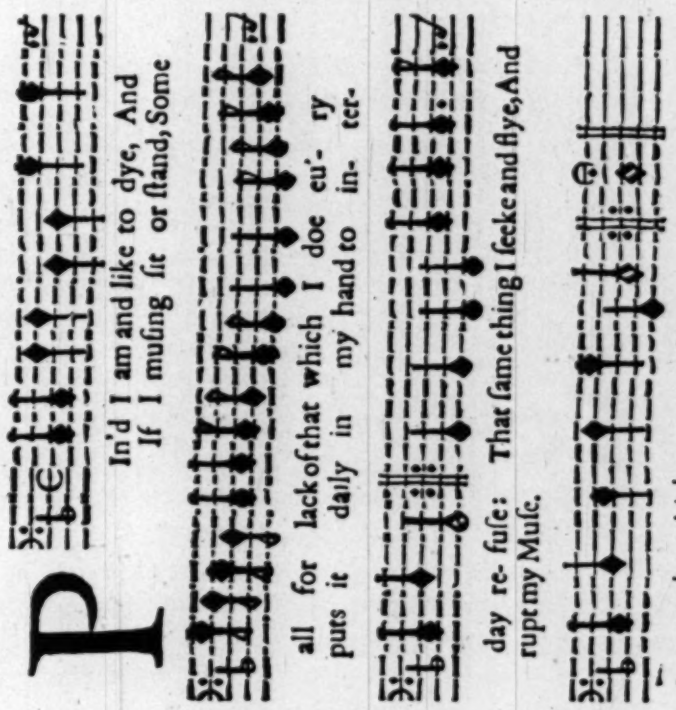


1 Pin'd I am, and like to die,
And all for lacke of that which I
Doe eu'ry day refuse.
If I musing sit, or stand,
Some puts it daily in my hand,
To interrupt my muse.
The same thing I seeke, and flie,
And want that which none would denie.

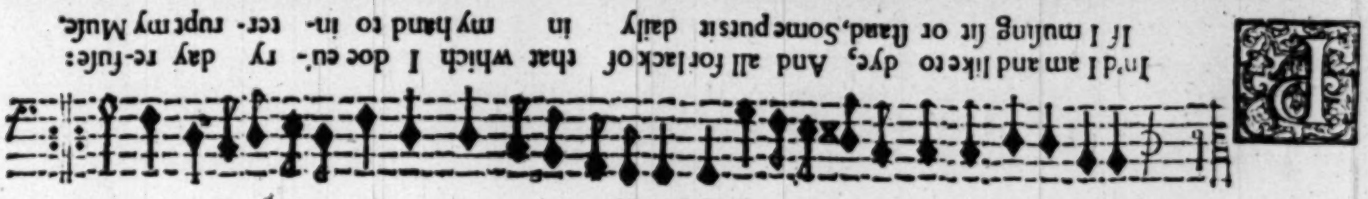
2 In my bed when I should rest,
It breeds such trouble in my brest,
That scarce mine eyes will close:
If I sleepe, it seemes to be
Oft playing in the bed with me,
But wak't away it goes.
Tis some spirit sure I weene,
And yet it may be felt, and seene.

3 Would I had the heart, and wit,
To make it stand, and conjure it
That haunts me thus with teare.
Doubtlesse tis some harmlesse spright,
For it by day, as well as night,
Is ready to appeare.
Be it friend, or be it foe,
Ere long Ile trie what it will doe.

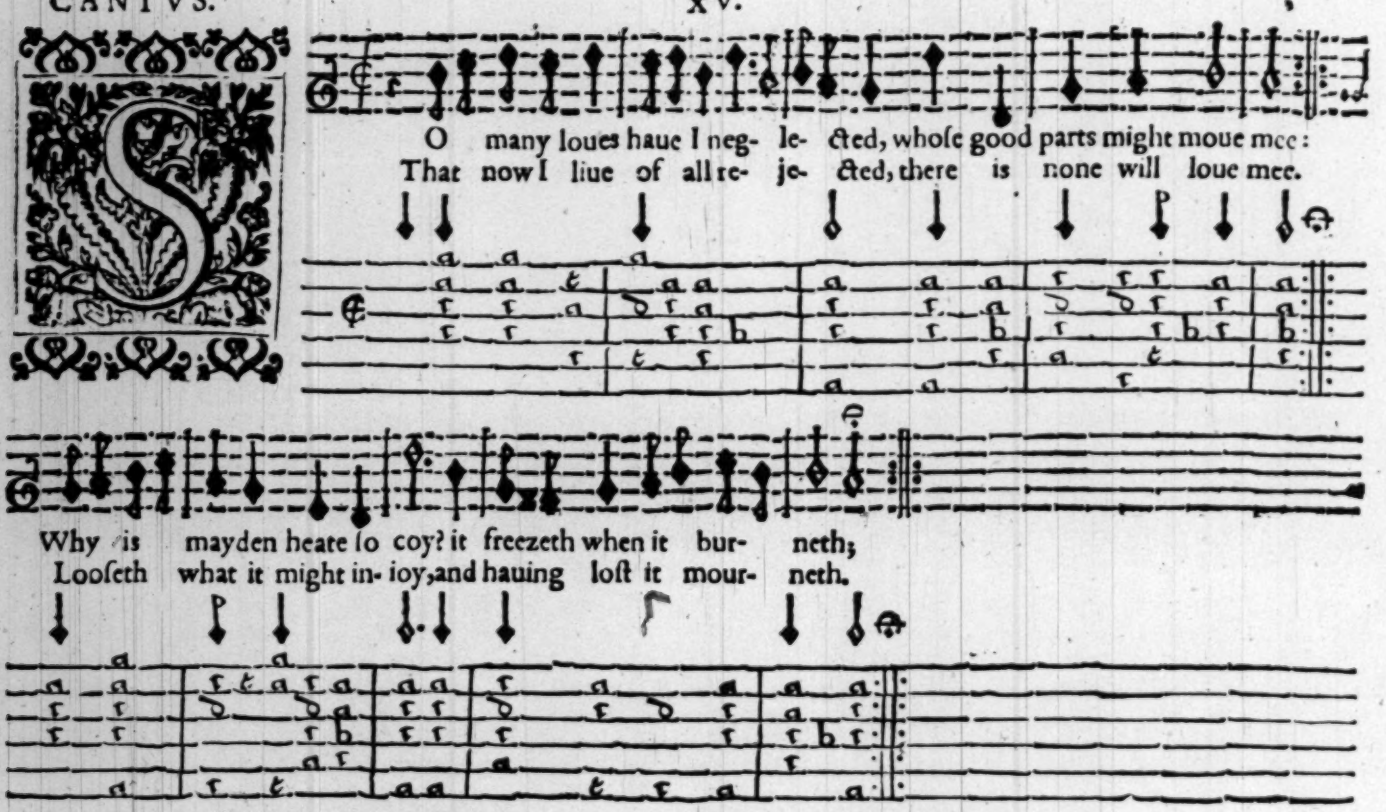
BASSVS.



ALTVS.



CANTVS.



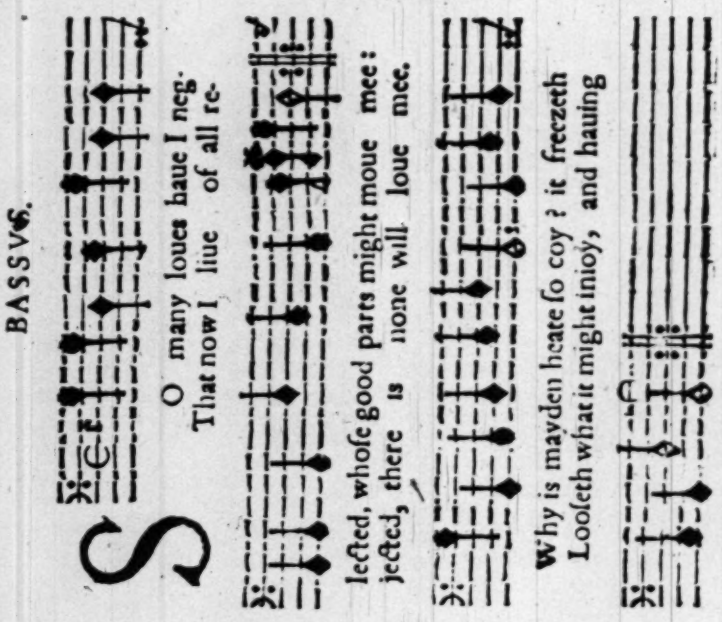
1 So many loues haue I neglected,
Whose good parts might moue mee;
That now I liue of all rejected,
There is none will loue me.
Why is mayden heate so coy?
It freezeth when it burneth;
Looseth what it might inioy,
And hauing lost it mourneth.

2 Should I then wooe that haue beene wooed,
Seeking them that flye mee?
When I my faith with teares haue vowed,
And when all denye mee,
Who will pitty my disgrace,
Which loue might haue preuented?
There is no submissio. vaile
Where error is repented.

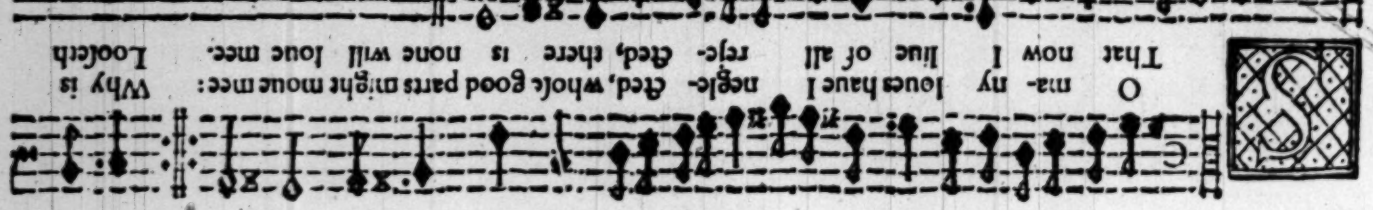
3 O happy men whose hopes are licenc'd
To discourse their passion:
While women are confin'd to silence,
Loosing wisht occasion.
Yet our tongues then theirs, men say,
Are apter to be mouing:
Women are more dumbe then they,
But in their thoughts more mouing.

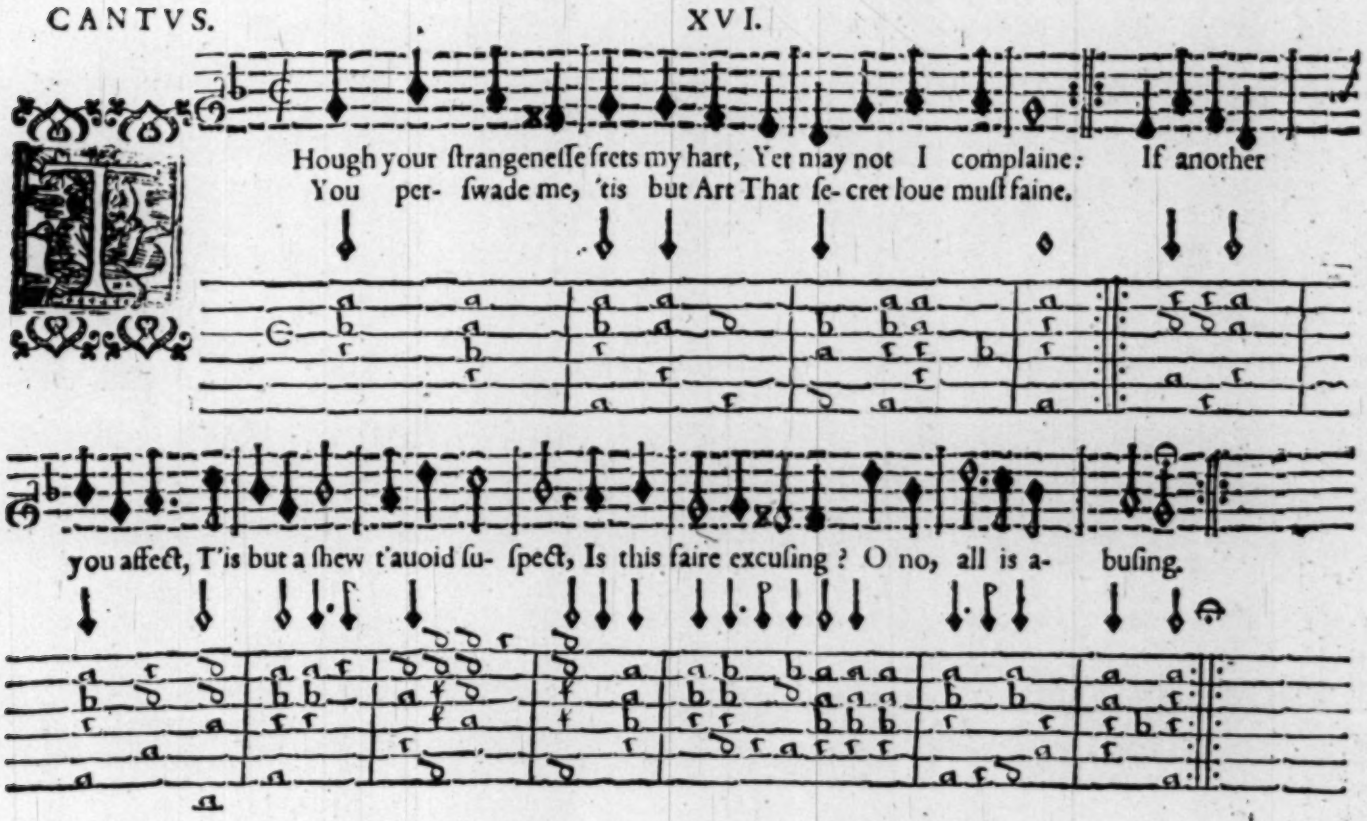
4 When I compare my former strangenesse
With my present doting,
I pitty men that speake in plainenesse,
Their true hearts deuoting,
While wee with repentance left
At their submisse passion:
Maydes I see are neuer blest
That strange be but for fashion.

BASSVS.



ALTVS.





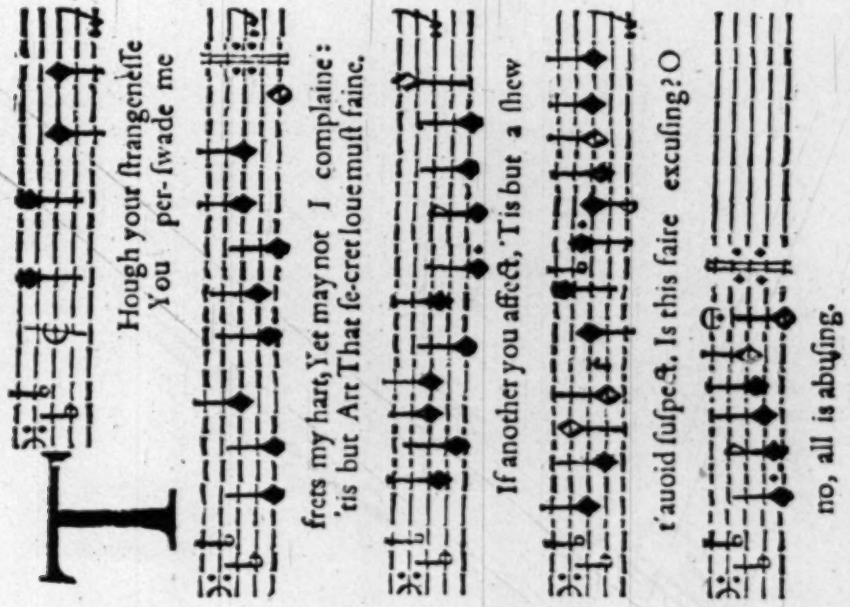
1 Though your ſtrangeneſſe frets my hart,
Yet may not I complaine:
You perſwade me 'tis but Art
That ſecret loue muſt faine.
If another you affect,
T'is but a ſhew t'auoid ſuſpect,
Is this faire excuſing? O no, all is abuſing.

2 Your wiſht ſight if I deſire,
Suſpitions you pretend,
Cauſeleſſe you your ſelfe retire
While I in vaine attend:
This a Louer whets you ſay,
Still made more eager by delay.
Is this faire excuſing? O no, all is abuſing.

3 When another holds your hand,
You ſweare I hold your hart:
When my Riuals cloſe doe ſtand,
And I ſit farre apart,
I am neerer yet then they,
Hid in your boſome, as you ſay.
Is this faire excuſing? O no, all is abuſing.

4 Would my Riual then I were,
Some els your ſecret friend:
So much leſſer ſhould I feare,
And not ſo much attend.
They enioy you eu'ry one,
Yet I muſt ſeeme your friend alone,
Is this faire excuſing? O no, all is abuſing.

BASSVS.



ALTVS.

CANTVS.

BASSVS.

Come away, arm'd with loues delights,
Thy sprightfull graces bring with thee and
longing fights, They must the sticklers be. Come quickly,
come, the promis'd houre is wel-nye spent, and pleasure
being too much deferr'd loo- seth her best content.

2 Come away, arm'd with loues delights,
Thy sprightfull graces bring with thee,
When loues longing fights
They must the sticklers be.
Come quickly, come, the promis'd houre is wel-nye spent,
And pleasures being too much deferr'd, looseth her best content.

3 Is shee come? O how neare is shee?
How farre yet from this friendly place?
How many steps from me?
When shall I her imbrace?
These armes Ile spred which onely at her sight shall close,
Attending as the starry flowre, that the Suns noone-tide knowes.

XVII.

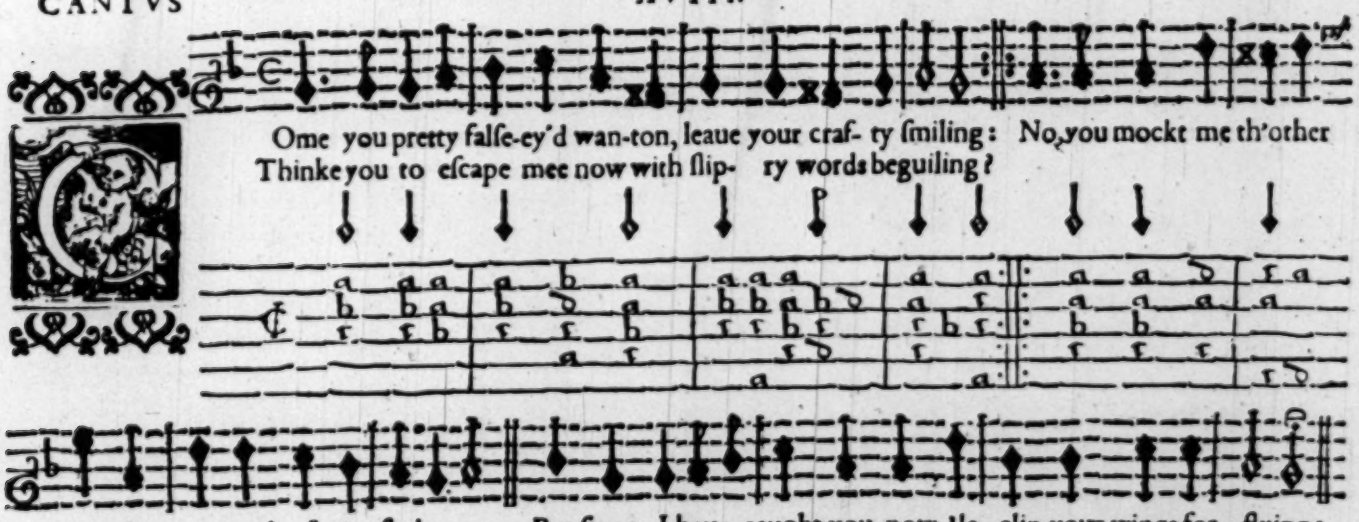
ALTVS.

Come away, come away, arm'd with loues delights, Thy sprightfull graces bring with thee, When
loue and longing fights, They must the sticklers be. Come quickly, come, the promis'd houre is wel-nye
spent, And plea- sure being too much deferr'd looseth her best content.

CANTVS.

Come away, come away, arm'd with loues de- lights, Thy sprightfull graces
bring w.th thee, When loue and longing fights, They must the sticklers be. Come quickly, come, the
promis'd houre is wel-nye spent, And pleasure being too much deferr'd looseth her best content.

CANTVS



Ome you pretty falſe-ey'd wan-ton, leaue your craf- ty ſmiling: No, you mockt me th'other
Thinke you to eſcape mee now with ſlip- ry words beguiling?

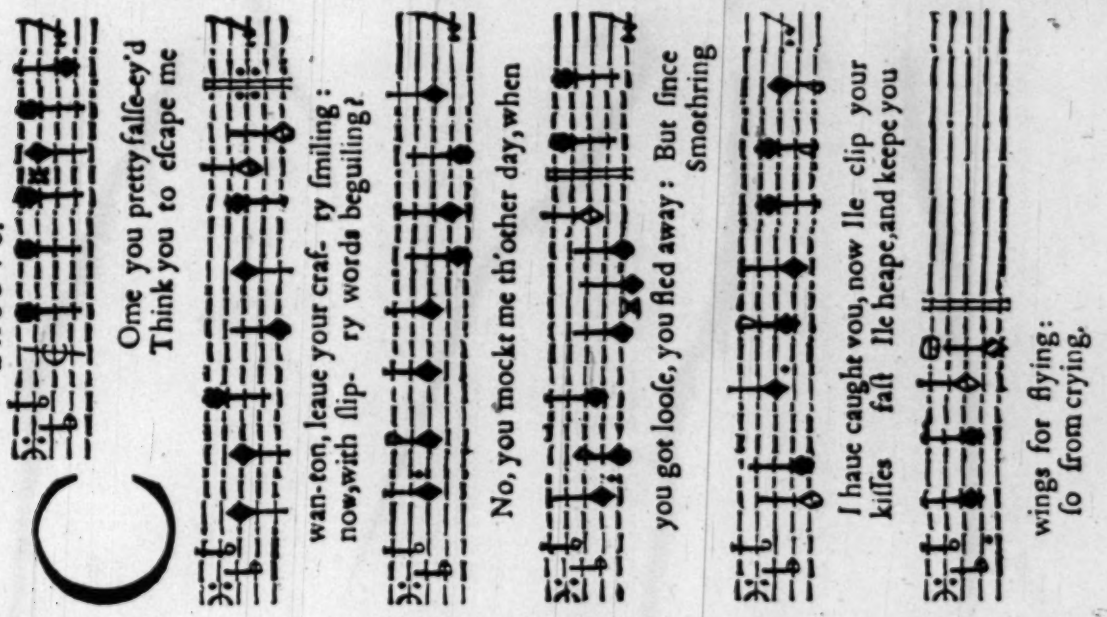
day, when you got looſe you fled away: But ſince I haue caught you, now Ile clip your wings for flying:
Smothring kiſſes faſt Ile heape, and keepe you ſo from crying.

1 Come you pretty falſe-ey'd wanton,
Leaue your crafty ſmiling:
Thinke you to eſcape me now,
With ſlipp'ry words beguling?
No, you mockt me th'other day,
When you got looſe you fled away:
But ſince I haue caught you now,
Ile clip your wings for flying:
Smothring kiſſes faſt Ile heape,
And keepe you ſo from crying.

2 Sooner may you count the ſtarres
And number hayle downe pouring;
Tell the Oſiers of the *Temmes*,
Or *Goodwins* Sands deuouring:
Then the thicke-ſhowr'd kiſſes here,
Which now thy tyred lips muſt beare;
Such a harueſt neuer was,
So rich and full of pleaſure;
But 'tis ſpent as ſoone as reapt,
So truſtleſſe is loues treaſure.

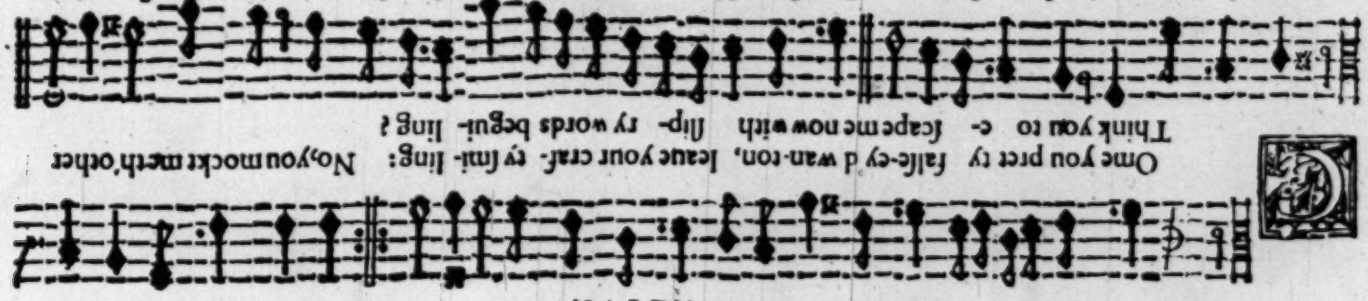
3 Would it were dumb midnight now,
When all the world lyes ſleeping:
Would this place ſome Deſert were,
Which no man hath in keeping.
My deſires ſhould then be ſafe,
And when you cry'd then would I laugh,
But if ought might breed offence,
Loue onely ſhould be blamed:
I would loue your ſeruant ſtill,
And you my Saint vnnamed.

BASSVS.



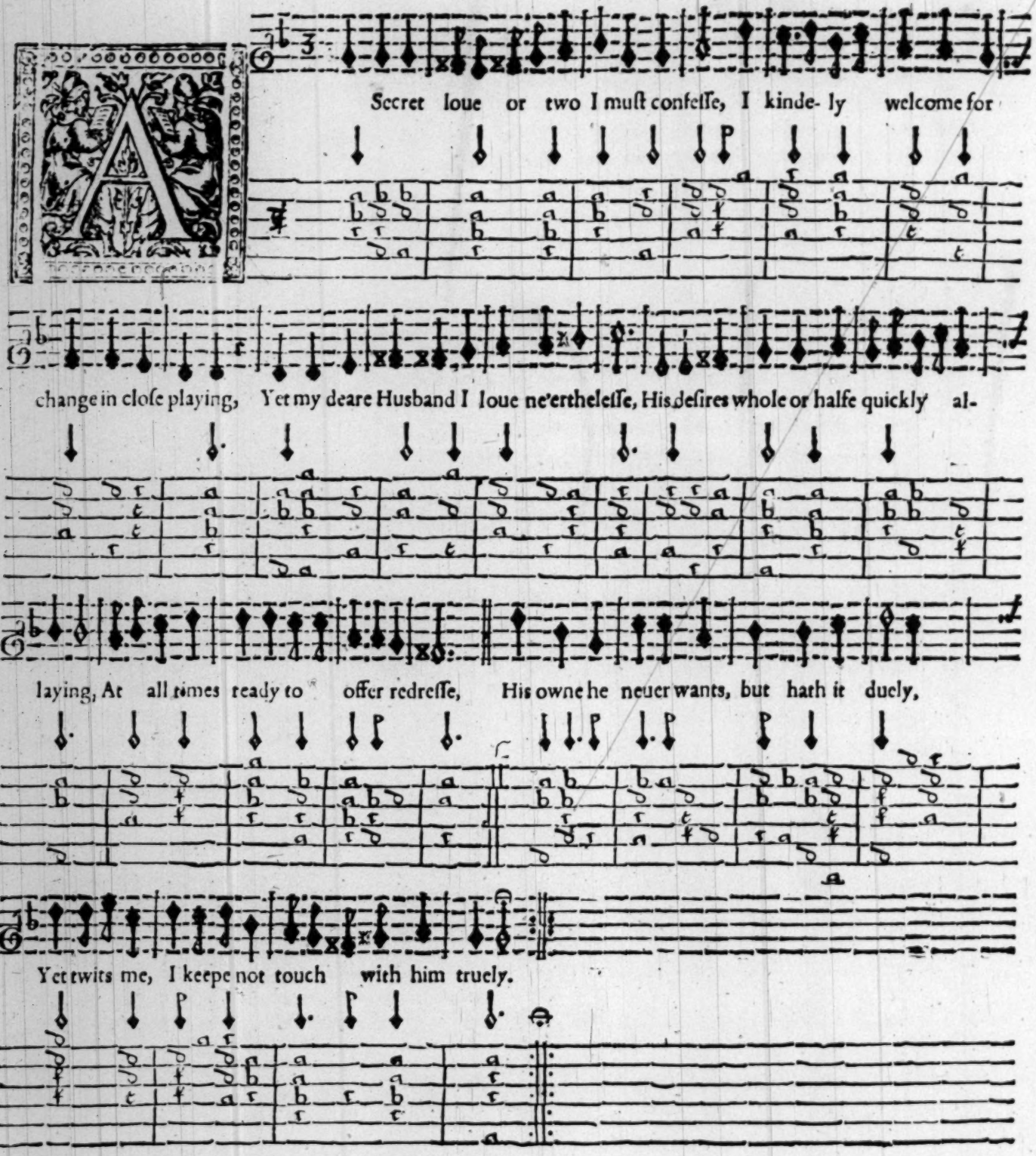
Ome you pretty falſe-ey'd wan-ton, leaue your craf- ty ſmiling: No, you mockt me th'other day, when you got looſe, you fled away: But ſince I haue caught you, now Ile clip your wings for flying:
Think you to eſcape me now, with ſlip- ry words beguiling? Smothring kiſſes faſt Ile heape, and keepe you ſo from crying.

ALTVS.



Ome you pretty falſe-ey'd wan-ton, leaue your craf- ty ſmiling: No, you mockt me th'other
Think you to eſcape me now with ſlip- ry words beguiling?

day, when you got looſe you fled away: But ſince I haue caught you, now Ile clip your wings for flying:
Smothring kiſſes faſt Ile heape, and keepe you ſo from crying.

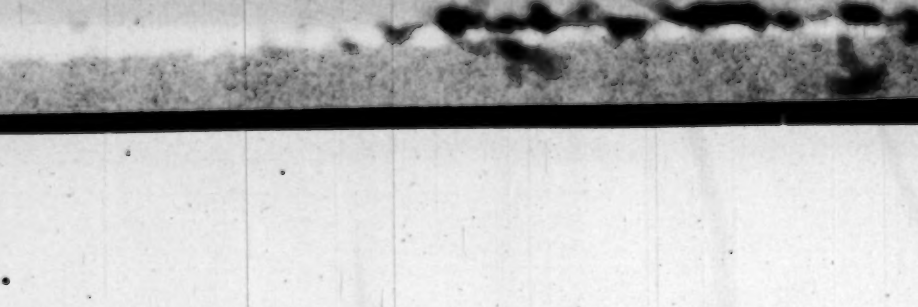


1 A ſecret loue or two I muſt confeſſe,
I kindly welcome for change in cloſe playing:
Yet my deare husband I loue ne'ertheleſſe,
His deſires whole or halfe, quickly allaying,
At all times ready to offer redreſſe.
His owne he neuer wants, but hath it duely
Yet twits me I keepe not touch with him truly.

2 The more a ſpring is drawne, the more it flowes;
No Lampe leſſe light retaines by lightning others:
Is hee a looſer his loſſe that ne're knowes?
Or is he wealthy that waſt treaſure ſmothers?
My churle vowes no man ſhall ſeat his ſweet Roſe,
His owne enough and more I giue him duely,
Yet ſtill he twits mee I keepe not touch truly.

3 Wiſe Archers beare more then one ſhaft to field,
The Venturer loads not with one ware his ſhipping:
Should Warriers learne but one weapon to weilde?
Or thriue faire plants ere the worſe for the ſlipping?
One diſh cloyes, many freſh appeute yeeld:
Mine owne Ile vſe, and his he ſhall haue duely,
Iudge then what debter can keepe touch more truly.

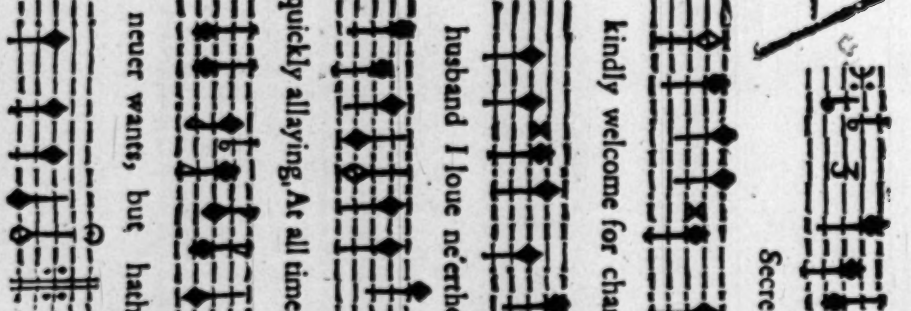
BASSVS.



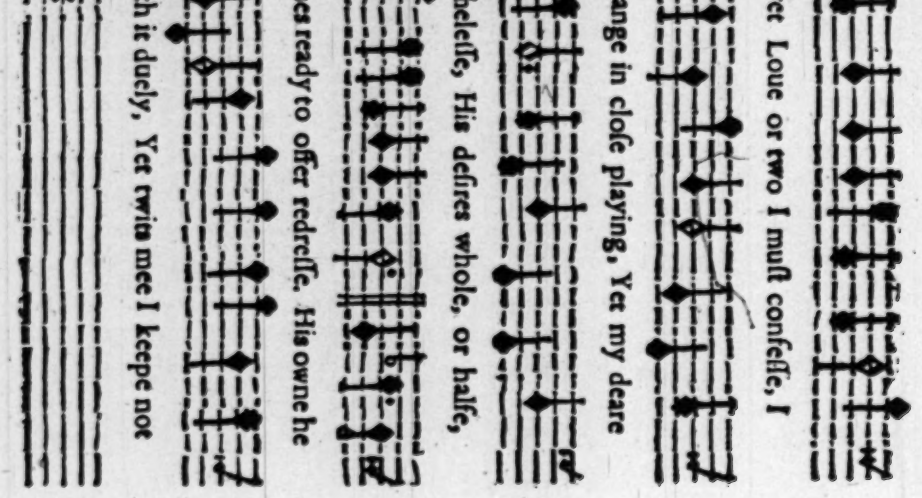
Secret Loue or two I must confeſſe, I

kindly welcome for change in cloſe playing, Yet my deare

husband I loue ne'ertheleſſe, His deſires whole, or halfe,



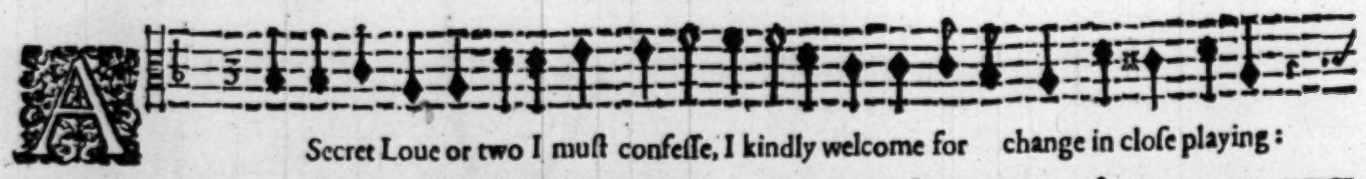
quickly allaying. At all times ready to offer redreſſe. His owne he



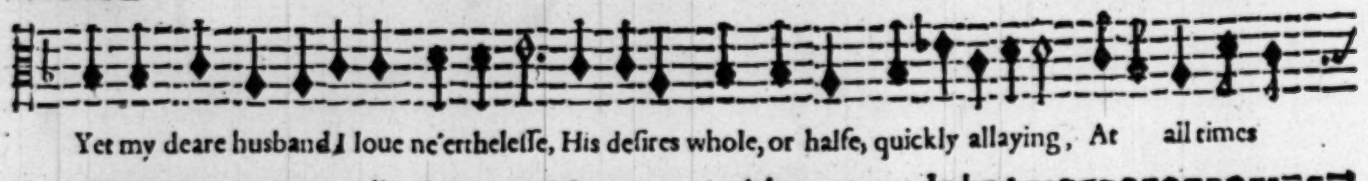
neuer wants, but hath it duely, Yet twits mee I keepe not

touch with him truely.

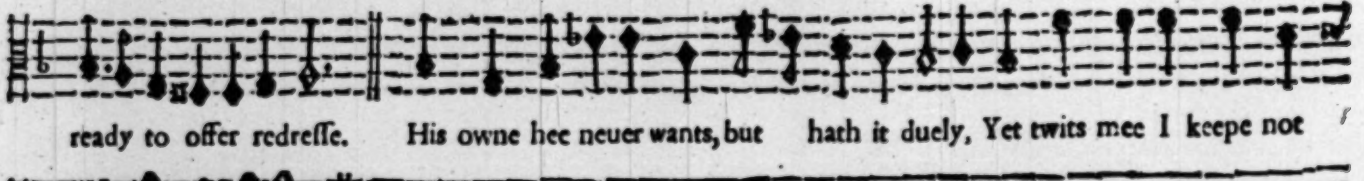
ALTVS.



Secret Loue or two I muſt confeſſe, I kindly welcome for change in cloſe playing:

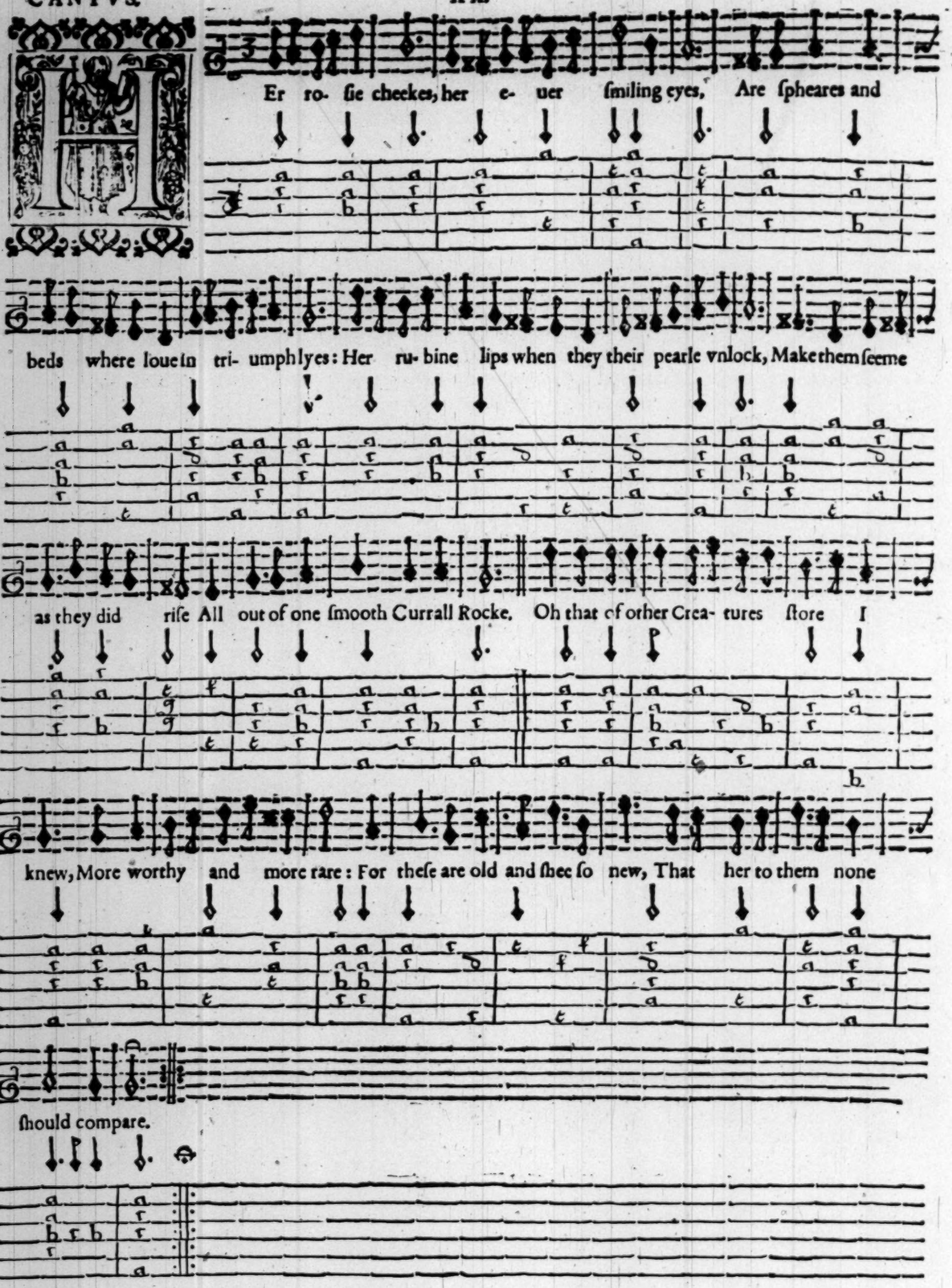


Yet my deare husband I loue ne'ertheleſſe, His deſires whole, or halfe, quickly allaying, At all times



ready to offer redreſſe. His owne hee neuer wants, but hath it duely, Yet twits mee I keepe not

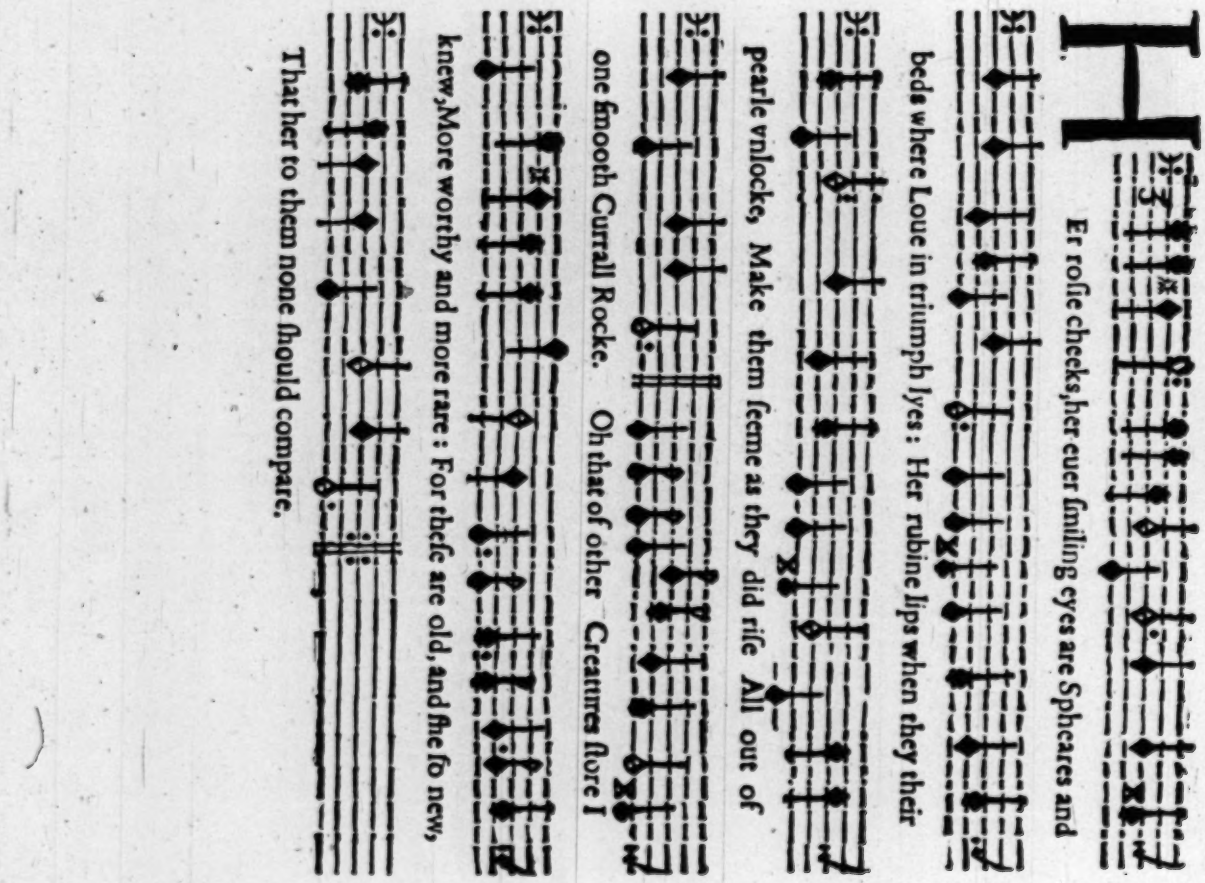
touch with him truely.



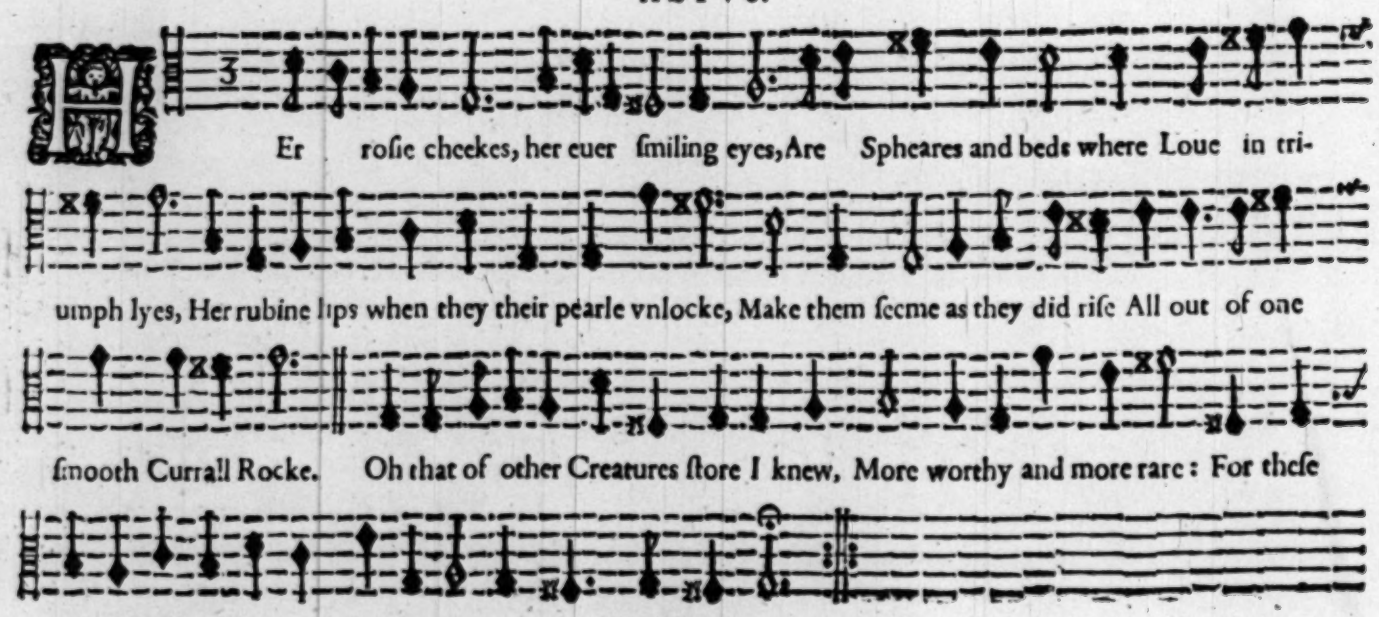
1 Her roſie cheekes, her euer ſmiling eyes
Are Spheares and beds, where Loue in triumph lies:
Her rubine lips when they their pearle vnlocke,
Make them ſeeme as they did riſe
All out of one ſmooth Currall Rocke.
Oh that of other Creatures ſtore I knew,
More worthy, and more rare:
For theſe are old, and ſhee ſo new,
That her to them none ſhould compare.

2 Oh could ſhe loue, would ſhee but heare a friend;
Or that ſhee onely knew what ſighs pretend.
Her lookes inflame, yet cold as Ice is ſhee,
Doe, or ſpeake, all's to one end:
For what ſhee is, that will ſhee be.
Yet will I neuer ceaſe her prayſe to ſing,
Though ſhe giues no regard:
For they that grace a worthleſſe thing,
Are onely greedy of reward.

BASSVS.

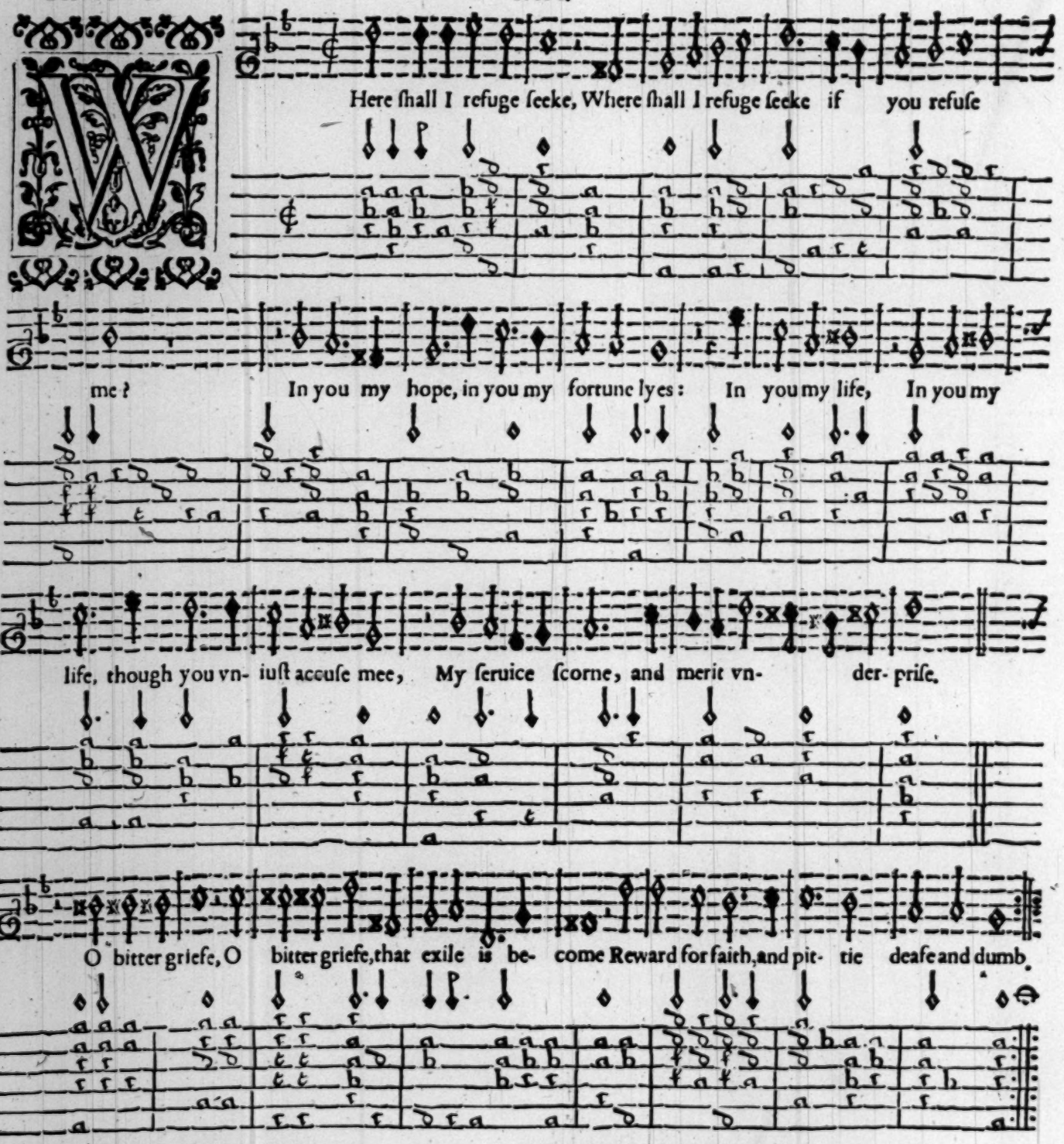


ALTVS.



BASSVS.

CANTVS. XXI.



1 Where ſhall I refuge ſeeke if you refuſe mee?
In you my hope, in you my fortune lyes;
In you my life though you vniuſt accuſe me,
My ſeruice ſcorne, and merit vnderpriſe.
Oh bitter griefe, that exile is become
Reward for faith, and pittie deafe and dumbe.

2 Why ſhould my firmneſſe finde a ſeate ſo wau'ring?
My ſimple vowes, my loue you entertain'd,
Without deſert the ſame againe diſau'ring:
Yet I my word and paſſion hold vnſtain'd.
Oh wretched me, that my chiefe ioy ſhould breede
My onely griefe, and kindneſſe pitty needе.

FINIS.

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